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POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

I wonder if the rich man prays,
And how his morning prayer is said:
He'll ask for health and length of days,
But does he pray for "daily bread?"

When by his door in posture meek,
He sees the poor man waiting stand,
With sunken eye and carewern cheek,
To beg employment from his hand.

And when he tells his piteous tale
Of sickly wife and children small,
Of rents that raise and crops that fail,
And troubles that the poor befall

I wonder if the rich man's thought
Mounts free, as nature's hymn, to heaven
In gratitude, that happier lot,
By Providence to him has given,

And does his heart exult to know
He too, like Heaven, hath power to give?
To strengthen weakness, soften woe,
And bid hope's dying lamp revive?

And when around his gladsome hearth,
A troop of friends the rich man greet,
And songs of joy, and smiles of mirth
And graze to flattery's homage sweet.

I wonder if his fancy sees
A vision of those wretched homes,
Where want is wrestling with disease,
And scarce a ray of comfort comes.

O world, how strange thy lots are given;
Life's aim how rarely understood!
And men—how far estranged from heaven,
If heaven requires a brotherhood.

DOMINIC'S MONUMENT.

A Tale of the Irish Whiteboys.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

"We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that affects us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundances; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revolve this with our pikes. I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge."—Coriolanus.

CHAPTER I.

Just at that time when soft nightfall sobers the ruddy sunset, two horsemen stopped upon the brow of a hill, and gazed upon a land smiling in true Irish loveliness though dim clouds frowned overhead. They gazed, too, upon scattered huts and forms of miserable men, all visible through the dusky light in true Irish deformity and wretchedness.

Both wore the garb of clergymen of the Established Church. One of them seemed about thirty-five years of age; tall, large and rigid in his form, immoveable in a kind of fixed enthusiasm according to the line of his countenance. His dress belied his face. One belonged to a Protestant Rector, the other to a monk of La Trappe. He was enthusiastic—that was plainly marked in his whole appearance—but it was of a peculiar kind, for he also seemed unyielding to emotion or circumstances. His enthusiasm resulted from the arguments of his reason, and went straight onward in the direction of what he conceived to be duty. It did not spring from the belief of his heart, nor did it work in eager faith. It had once looked and heard: it had once argued; after that it was deaf an l blind. This was the Rev. Mr. Stoughton, lately arrived from England to take charge of a large benefice, the parishioners and tithe-payers of which were mostly Irish Catholics. [illegible] to make examined the peculiar features of the Irish Church, and in England he had firmly settled his views.

The other was a much younger man—scarcely three and twenty, by his appearance. He too carried a look of strong determination, but it was untainted by bigotry and softened by benevolence. He seemed neither an austere monk or wily Jesuit, a stern Puritan or a lofty single-sighted churchman, but a mild pastor, like the poor clerke of Oxenforde."

"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

There was little enthusiasm of either kind manifested upon his countenance. The fountain of benevolence within him seemed willing to flow forth in peace and tranquility, unlike a swift torrent or the long swell of a mighty tide. He had evidently learned mostly from books, and was not entirely unskilled in the character of men, but wherein he was ignorant, he was always ready to learn. This young man's name was Howard, and he was a curate of the rector who rode by his side. Both were about to see their churches for the first time.

They stopped upon the brow of a hill and looked in silence upon that scene of Irish loveliness, upon that scene of Irish deformity and wretchedness. At last Howard spoke, half to himself.

"This is a beautiful country, but how mournful in its beauty!"

"The country was made by God," said the rector, "and is bountiful. It has been cursed by the presence of man, and may well mourn in desolation. All that is needed for the happiness of this land is, simply, goodness and peace among its inhabitants. They are bigoted and ferocious, scorning the messengers of the Prince of peace. They are ignorant, yet reject the light which is freely offered them. Can we wonder then at this sight? Shall we pity or rather condemn?"

We should pity them in their ignorance, and never condemn until they act with full knowledge of their guilt."

"Not so!" return the rector harshly. "They have their ignorance their fault and not their misfortune; they love darkness, only because they will shut their eyes in the blood of the light."

"But they cannot always do this," urged Howard earnestly. "It is an unnatural state. Keep mid day constantly about them, and they must finally look around."

"They are blind—unnaturally, hopelessly blind!"

"May not some of this misery be owing to government? Some of it, even to their being obliged to support us as they never will hear?"

"I have closely examined this subject," said Stoughton severely, "and I believe that this government is the best that can be devised for them, and that we, the friends of this wretched flock—"

"No, ye are the mean wolf that feeds upon us!"

A groan, who had been lying by the roadside, unnoticed, rose as he said these words, and shaking his fist at them, walked away.

"A fair specimen!" cried the rector. "But I am glad we were interrupted us, for I have no patience on the subject.

We must hurry on—it will be late before we reach Dublin if I am not mistaken. Yours, in that direction I see, is not yet visible. Come."

They rode silently onward until full darkness came on the road. Then half a dozen men sprung before them and seized their bridles.

"You must come with us!"

"Who are you?" cried the rector. "This is violating the peace."

The men laughed coarsely among themselves.

"Have you ever heard of the Whiteboys?" said one, with a hearty chuckle.

CHAPTER II.

It was not very long before they reached a small cabin. The captive clergymen entered first, with their guard and the leader of the band followed immediately after them. There was no one within except a slight youth, sitting by the light of a peat fire.

"What! still reading, Dominic?" cried the leader.

"Aye," said the young man, looking up with a melancholy smile, "still reading, dear Dermot, to prepare for something more hereafter."

"Well, well, you are right now as ye always are, but put up your book; here is other business for us. Sit here with me. Look well to the door and windows, my boys. You, Englishmen, may stand up and hear what we, poor Irishmen, have to say to ye."

The first thought of one who looked upon that strange scene, would have been that those were singular judges to try two educated, pious men.

Dermot, the leader, was a large strong man with quickness of passion and intellect. He had been a common laborer and now possessed no other qualification than natural strength of character to lead an equally ignorant band of conspiring Irishmen. He was already known as a plotter and bold spirit, though the rebellion had not yet broken out.

Dominic could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. His forehead was white and broad, but half-hidden by the long masses of hair that trailed heavily down upon it. In his eye and formation of head could be seen unmistakeable genius, and genius too with all its enthusiastic fires. But his body was frail, and a wearied look, even in the brilliance of his eyes, showed that he was fading away.

Before either of these two had spoken, the rector haughtily demanded the cause of this violence, and returned boldly the savage look with which Dermot first answered his question. Howard said nothing, but gazed on Dominic with equal admiration and pity, strange as the mixture might be.

Dermot explained the matter to them in a few plain words.

"Yer reverences think it strange that ye are stopped on the high roads. Did ye suppose that we are always quiet here? It was a mistake. Ireland is neither dead or asleep. Now, I'll tell ye a thing or two that ye won't believe now, but we to ye unless the belief comes quickly!

"Ye may be a good, honest nation at home, but in Ireland ye're a plunderin' bloody race. We are cursed by the absence of our landlords and the presence of heretic priests, who feed on us when we cannot feed ourselves. We despise your government and hate your religion, but ye make us support both. Now ye two men are not to blame for this and we only punish the guilty.—But take care! There is power in your hands, and mind that ye use it for our good or yourselves will be crushed.

"But I can't talk. Dominic, speak to them like a young saint as you are. Tell the proud heretics what they must do and what they shall not do. Then let them choose."

Dominic modestly raised his head and looked at the two men who stood before him. His eye kindled as he met the supercilious survey of one, but softened again as it turned to the nobler countenance of Edward.

"It means something, when a boy can speak in superiority to men. It means something, too, that I can teach duty to you who are elder and wiser than myself. It means just this: that your people have fastened a terrible curse upon us, and we are obliged to tell you what it is; even you in your arrogant wisdom. You will hear this often. And if you stay long in Ireland, you will find, thank God! that even unlearned men can be oppressed into eloquence.

"But I am the youngest here and know how I should stand in your presence. What little there is to teach, I tell you as strangers and not pupils.

"Dermot has told [illegible] would say nothing more. Did you not know it before to-night, or have you studied the matter only in England? Look around you here in Ireland; see that we *are* cursed, and then, if you have the love of God in your hearts, lay your hand lightly upon us.

"You think and call yourselves holy ministers of God. Prove to us then that you believe in your own sincerity. There is a tremendous power in your hands, as Protestant clergymen and magistrates, and if your hearts are pure, you will use it in compassion. Many of us are too wretchedly poor to pay you tithe, but, though you can legally ring it out of them, have mercy and do not stretch the law to its full extent. There are a thousand ways wherein you can relieve the oppressed; I entreat you to watch for them and expect your reward in the prayers of grateful Catholics. If not—but how can I, who aspire to become an humble servant of God, speak of vengence! 'I will repay,' saith the Lord."

Dermot rose from his seat.

"Now ye know why you came to this place. If we had treated ye rudely, we should ask your pardon, but it isn't needed. Stop! before you go, I ask you both to pledge your honor—I believe ye use the word—that the past hour shall never be mentioned by your reverences."

"For my part," said Howard, after a pause, "I have no hesitation in making this pledge. Your intentions at least are good, and you have done us no wrong."

"I will not do it!" said the rector, hotly. "You are turbulent men, who have broken the public peace by seizing us and—"

"It is no matter," interrupted Dermot, coolly. "Look out for yourself if you declare war. I spoke more for your good than our own. Now ye may go."

He accompanied them to the door and helped them mount their horses. They were just riding off when he again stopped them.

"Hold! You'll not leave Ireland till I've seen ye again. Remember it, now or hereafter at yer risk."

They rode away without making any reply.

CHAPTER III.

Six months passed away, and 1798 found Ireland in desperate insurrection.

Howard had not forgotten the warning he had received, as the respect and forbearance even of the rebels towards him would fully prove. He had lived among a people who could not own him for their guide, as became a spiritual pastor, kind, always benevolent and ready to lighten the burdens which had been laid upon others for his own support. Such zeal was too much for his naturally feeble health. Wearing himself out doubly in action and forbearance as he did, it was but a short time before he was obliged to suspend his exertions and then the sick man longed for a peaceful home in his native England.

One pleasant evening he found himself, on his return, exactly in the place where he had been seized six months previously. He stopped his horse and almost unconsciously looked in expectation of the appearance of Dermot. Scarcely had he entertained the idea before the Irish leader was again at his side, this time with a respectful salutation.

"Mr. Howard, will it please ye to go with me?"

Howard hesitated.

"Surely ye know," added Dermot, "that no harm can reach you when I am near. It is the last time that we ever meet in this wretched country."

"I know it, Dermot, and I will follow you," said Howard.

In a short time they reached the same cabin where they had stood in such dissimilar positions a few months before.

"Sit down, Mr. Howard and let us both think in silence until we are interrupted. I have sent for another visitor to-night, and he'll be here before many hours."

Howard caught the other's meaning, but he knew that in one respect he was powerless, and wisely kept silence. Two or three hours of anxious stillness passed away thus, when the door was suddenly flung open and four men entered, bringing with them a bound, half-dressed prisoner. It was the Rector Stoughton.

Dermot hushed him sternly as he was about to vent his wrath in useless reproaches, and then, after a few moments of painful silence, spent as if in recalling thought, he addressed both Stoughton and Howard with stong emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is more than six months, I believe, since we were here last. Both of ye came then against your will, but there was no rough handlin'! I sent for you then because ye were strangers, who knew nothing of us, yet came in our midst with power in your hands, and I wanted to tell you where ye were and what should be done.—I *did* tell ye, fairly, did I not? I said then that we should be here again together, and we are here now.—Do you know what it is for? There are accounts to be given, even by wise men to an ignorant patriot, because I am a patriot, and ye belong to those who trample on me.

"You come here to-night in a different style from the first. One of ye fearlessly, willingly, and at my asking; the other, because he has been dragged from his bed, and shakin' like a coward as he is. You *are* a coward, Mr. Stoughton,—not in body, for there you are brave, but in your conscience, because you know that you have deserved something at my hands.

"Six months ago there was a fair noble boy at my side, and one of ye looked on him with kindness, the other with scorn. I marked it then. Now, he is not here, and both of ye know why. But this is the last time we three will ever meet, and so I'll tell you the story of that boy's death. Though ye know it well now, perhaps ye'll see another reason in it, why we three can never meet again.

"Dominic's mother was my sister, and, like him, she died young. When I think what both would have been, from what both were, I love their memories so much the more tenderly because they left the world in their pure youth. All my love was bound up in that boy, and one of ye was his murderer!

"Our priest always told me that he was full of genius and would be a bright ornament in the church, but he needn't have said that to me, who knew the boy from his cradle, and worked myself down that he might get his education. I always longed to hear his clear voice in the pulpit, and take the blessed water from his pure hands. Well, he grew up to be all that I could ask. Ye have seen him and know what he was. Ye know, too, that he loved Ireland, and for that one of ye wrought his death!

"It is not five months now, Mr. Stoughton, since you put a distress on the goods of poor Dennis Mullin because he wasn't able to pay his tithe. There hadn't been a risin' of the people then, or you'd never have dared to do it. But you stood by and saw the whole very gladly, for it was all under your direction. You didn't listen to the poor man's prayers not to take everything, nor would you say one word to Dominic, who had just come up and begun to reproach your hard heart. No, you didn't say one word to the noble boy, except to bid him hush, or you'd take notice, as a magistrate, of the time you saw him last, here, in this very place, Mr. Stoughton, where you're standing now in fear. You didn't see me at that moment or you'd have given me up to the constables at your back. Then Dominic spoke to one of them, but he was a surly English bulldog, and answered with a curse, aye! and with something else. They fought. You said it was Dominic that struck first: I said it was the dog's—ing by the side of Dominic.

"Your hounds seized us and held us fast. You came up and said that we began the fight. You was a magistrate too, and after a sham examination, according to your own fashion, you committed us to prison for breaking the peace. Did ye think at the time, that you was signing our warrant or your own?"

"I could not have done otherwise, as a magistrate under the law," interrupted Stoughton doggedly.

"*It was a bloody law and ye was a murderin' magistrate!* Did you not fix your red revengeful eye on me and say that you'd prosecute us for another breach of the peace as soon as we'd been punished for this? You mocked us, too, when you said that we might go clear of prison if we'd give bail, for you know that English tyranny hadn't left us enough property to stave off a jail. Hear now what ye said, when Dominic, in his ignorance of the world and the simple innocence of his own heart, asked you, as a professional servant of Christ, to lay aside hatred and give your own security, for my life would shrink and he would die in a prison. He pledged you, in all the sacredness of his great heart, that you should not lose by the good deed. It sounded new to a man who'd lived in your hard world, but for all that you might have trusted the boy! No; you told him that he'd live long enough after he was out of jail to see what a fool he'd made of himself!

"Just now you said that you'd acted like a magistrate under the law, and perhaps you'll tell me again that you did what every man of the world would do in denying him. So you did, but it was like a merciless magistrate and a hard-hearted man. Reverend sir, you have no business to be either. No just magistrate would have imprisoned him for doing what he did, and no good man would have refused to keep him out of a jail, where he must die. If you had looked at the poor boy's body, you must have known that a jail would have been his death, and so it was.

"We lay there two months and were not brought to trial. Poor Dominic faded away. It had always been hard for the sick boy to struggle fairly with life when he was out in the fresh air and green fields he loved so well, but those two months in a damp jail killed him. I heard of it. One night, by the blessing of God, I broke my fetters and escaped.

"I went to Mr. Howard at once, though he was an Englishman and a heretic. Here, in this place, I had marked his kind eye as he looked at Dominic, and I know that since that time every poor Catholic had always blessed his goodness. Do ye remember the advice I gave ye once, Mr. Stoughton? I dared not go to him in the day time, and so that very night I wrote a little note, wrapped it round a broken fetter, and flung it through his window. In fifteen minutes I heard his horse galloping away from home.

"*I'll not detain your reverences, for we've much to do before morning.* He bailed out Dominic and nursed him tenderly at his own house, but the poor boy died before many weeks. The young priest went to heaven before he had ever lifted his voice in the holy church, but, thank God! the Irish boy did not die until he had struck once against oppression.

"Mr. Stoughton, ye've been turnin' pale and flushed, and tryin' to seem stout, and then tremblin' again while I've talked. Don't beg for mercy, for you murdered him!"

CHAPTER V.

The Irishman covered up his face, for his whole frame trembled in terrible agony. At length Howard kindly laid a hand upon his shoulder, but Dermot shook it off.

"Ye've a kind heart, Mr. Howard, and I know what ye'd say, but it's of no use. I've sworn to remember Dominic. I'll remember you too, for his sake, in the only way that a poor Irishman can. You're traveling to Dublin, but in these wild times you'd never reach the city without a pass from the patriots, and that's why I stopped ye. Give me your hand."

He produced a small stamp, moistened it with some chemical preparation, and printed upon Howard's wrist a little harp wreathed with the shamrock.

"There! that will save your life. It's the best that I can give."

"Wait a moment, Dermot. You mean ill to Mr. Stoughton: I can hardly believe that you mean the worst, except when I look at your eyes. You judge him far too harshly. Upon my soul, I believe that his intentions were blameless, and you acknowledge that he acted according to the law."

"Do not lower yourself or me, Mr. Howard, by pleading to this murderer," said the rector. "If I die, it will be as a martyr to ignorance and cruelty, I have done nothing in my life that I would not repeat, before God!"

"Ye needn't talk, either of ye," broke in Dermot savagely. "Howsoever 'twas done, you murdered Dominic. Stay here till morning, Mr. Howard. You *must;* two of my men will keep you from leaving this place until four o'clock. Then you may go to the town, and right there by the jail, see what a monument I'll raise to Dominic."

He spoke in Irish to his men, and all but two vanished with their prisoner.

At four o'clock his guards unbarred the door and Howard rushed out. Twenty minutes' hard riding brought him to the jail, and there he stopped. The gray morn was just lighting up the horrid face of a hanging man.—A sheet of paper was fastened to his back, and on it was scrawled in large letters:

DERMOT'S REVENGE
IS THE
MONUMENT OF DOMINIC.

RICHES AND GENIUS—AN ALLEGORY.

Riches and Genius once started on a journey, but they soon parted company; for Riches rode in a splendid car, and was carried by large and rapid coursers, while Genius walked by the way side, and often paused to contemplate the skies and earth, with her mountains, rivers, trees, and flowers. Riches had not proceeded far, before he perceived the castle of Pleasure, in a green and sunny meadow. All around and within it was enchanting.—The air was soft and balmy, blowing freshly, fraught with orders, and reviving to those on whom it breathed. The birds sang melodiously, the streams fell with gentle murmurs, and the fruits were golden. Pleasures, lightly and magnificently arrayed, came smiling forth to meet her guest. Bowing gracefully, she invited him into her luxurious halls which, wide and lofty, were filled with musicians, dancers, and all who could in any way contribute to charm away the hours. Her tables, covered with inviting viands, were set in the midst. The mistress of all things delightful, was herself exceedingly fair. Dimples beautified her delicate cheeks; her silken hair fell, in wreathed tresses, around her neck; her eyes had a laughing and sweet expression, blent with a soft dreaminess. Poor Riches, not knowing her to be a coquette, soon became violently enamored, while she, amused at her power over him, smiled more bewitchingly than ever. Long time he tarried in the abode of Pleasure; but, at length, becoming ill, and chancing to groan, she became offended, told him that Pain was her mortal foe, and that she thought it best for him to leave the castle. Riches obeyed with reluctance, for Pleasure seemed more charming in his eyes when he knew himself he was obliged to leave her. Being forced, however, to comply with her command, he ordered his proud chariot and [illegible] ing.

Meanwhile, Genius persued his path towards the dwelling of Knowledge: a memorable and wise sage.—He paused, it is true, at pleasure's attractive abode, but after some consideration, resolved not to halt; knowing Riches to be there, and distrusting the smiles of the syren. Now Riches was gaily dressed, while Genius wore garments that were threadbare. He was proud and sensitive, in spite of this, and feared Riches would insult him. Continuing on, he soon arrived at the habitation of Knowledge. The old man rose to receive him. His countenance was dignified, and his bearing noble. Time had she its snow on his head, and increased, instead of diminishing his strength and majesty. He led Genius into his well filled library, and addressed him thus: "Here O, Genius, is food for the mind. I am glad to see thee scorn Pleasure and seek better things, for her voice is deceptive, and she often leads to death. I know that thou were tempted to her hall, for who is not? but the wisdom of thy choice will appear in the end. The road to renount, O, Genius is before thee! It is steep and thorny. Yet he who has conquered the wiles of deceitful Pleasure evinces greatness of mind; and thou has but to persevere in the path I show, to win fame." Genius bowed himself to the earth, assured that the words of the sage were those of truth.

Riches, oppressed with pain; a weary pilgrim, at last died in a wretched hovel never ceasing to deplore the loss of his beloved Pleasure, though she had proved so false and heartless. Neglected and obscure was his end, and there is no record of his life to be found.

Genius climbed the hill of Renoun, lived to a good old age, died lamented, and left a name dear to the world. Pity weeps at his urn, Glory unfolds her banner over the place of his repose, and his memory is honored among men.

A STIFF BEARD.—The following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Illinois:

A man had been drinking until a late hour at night, before he started for home. Honest folks had been long in bed, and the houses were shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at length staggered into an empty wagon shed, and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunken sleep, and would have undoubtedly frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold,) had not others less insensible than himself, been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs, which rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their biped companion the middle of the bed; some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning, he awoke; finding himself comfortable, and being in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hands, and catching hold of the stiff bristles of a hog, exclaimed—"Why, Mister, when did you shave last?"

LIBERTY.—The "Razor Strop Man" says: "When I first got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do a great many things for me. It promised me, Liberty, and I got Liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes and go out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat and scratch my head without taking my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music. When I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flippety-flap,
And the wind whistled "how do you do."

SHARP DICKIES.—A woman in New York puts so much starch into her boarders dickies, that they shave by them. As an act of gratitude, they are to present her with a splendid pine pitcher.

EVENING.

BY C. D. STUART.

The day is gone! one golden cloud
Floats softly o'er the evening's birth,
And like a weary pilgrim's shroud,
The twilight drops around the earth,

How fair the moon from out the skies,
Flings down her mild and silvery gleams,
And all the stars, like conscious eyes,
Reflect themselves in lakes and streams.

The winds are hushed; the leaves are still,
And not a breath the silence breaks,
Save where some zephyr's gentle thrill,
The dew drop from the rose tree shakes.

Yet hear I, far across the vale,
And from the shadows of yon hill,
The Katy did pour forth her tale,
And sadly sing the whippoorwill.

Oh! holy, calm, delightful hour!
Who feels not tenderer for your sake?
As—by an angel's quickening power—
Moon, stars, and music blending wade,

Delightful hour, nor night nor day,
But just that glorious space between,
Which mingles both—then melts away,
Like dreams which are not, yet have been,

How fitly life is typed herein,
Where darkness gathers round our way,
While far beyond, the light is seen,
Which centres in a perfect day.

Jones' Story about "Sawing" a Live Yankee.

BY N. T. R.

Ten years ago, said Jones, I made my first trip over the "Big Lakes." I was a youngster then, fresh from a city law office, and on the look out for a "location" in the "Great West," a few coppers in my pocket, and brass enough in my face to make up the deficiency. I'd seen some "tall life" in York, and did'nt much fear being "picked up" by any body in the SENSE LINE.

After I'd seen enough of Buffalo, I concluded the chance was better farther West, so one day I stepped down to the harbor, and booked myself on board the Great Western, Captain W———, for Chicago.

A short time after we left Buffalo, quite a muss was kicked up among some of the forward passengers, occasioned by a little peppery Frenchman having, as he declared, detected a specimen of the "genius" Yankee, taking some liberties with his (the Frenchman's) wife. *The quarrel was of course talked over in the "Saloon,"* until some fellow on the look out for fun proposed, as the Yankee appeared to be suffering under that "awful dispensation of Providence," most INTENSE YERDANCY, organizing a special steamboat court arresting and trying the offender, and, as a matter of course, put him through "an entire course of sprouts." The proposal, as you may readily imagine, was forthwith adopted. A Mr. B———, of Milwaukie, was elected judge—a gentleman you all know right well, and one of the best fellows in the world; albeit he is now a "grave and reverend" Senator at Washington, acted in the (to him) familiar official capacity of prosecuting attorney. A big whiskered sucker from Galena undertook the duty of Sheriff, and the HIGH ORTHODOXLE MARINE COURT of the United States Steamboat Department was fully organized.

While the court room was being arranged, it was in the FORWARD SALOON, with a view, I suppose, to the accommodation of "the Bar." I had come to the conclusion that there was an opening for me in which both fame and profit might be secured, so during the preparation of the warrant, I sloped forward and found my Yankee friend stretched on a dry goods box, and evidently pretty deeply "streaked."

"Mr. Peaslee," said I, his name on the book was entered "Absalom Peaslee," "I'm very much afraid you will be put to a great deal of trouble. You are not aware, probably, that the Frenchman has sworn out a warrant against you. I suppose you know, of course, that there is a regular branch of the United States Marine Court on this boat."

"Golf darn his blasted picter! he's meaner 'n a biled skunk—cuss him, I did'nt tech his woman."

"That makes no difference," said I; "the sheriff of the boat has got the warrant, I saw it myself, and as I thought you was a stranger and might want counsel, I came right off to see you—my name is Jones, and if any body can get you clear, I can."

"Oh, thunder and spikes! aint it too bad. I aint dun nothin; ef I was only ashore, I guess 'twould be longer'n eternity fore any one'd catch me on the cussed hot water thing agin."

"There comes the sheriff," said I, "what do you say."

"Ef you'll git me clear, I'll giv you five dollars, I will sure's my name's Absalom."

"Done," said I. "When the judge asks if you have counsel, tell him Mr. William Jones is your lawyer, and I'll be there, just keep a stiff upper lip, dont say a word to the sheriff, or any one but me."

Fifteen minutes after, Absalom was brought into court. I have no doubt that at the first opening of the matter, he was somewhat suspicious of the trick, but the venerable and dignified form of the judge, the earnest air of the prosecuting attorney, and the sober, anxious appearance of the spectators, all had their effect; the color forsook his cheeks, and when the judge, in slow and emphatic words, bid him rise and hear the charge, poor Absalom wilted like a cabbage leaf, and as the judge proceeded to lay down the law, and dwell with an apparent horror on the enormity of the offence committed, I felt really distressed at his forlorn and humble appearance.

"As you have, probably, no counsel," said the judge, "this court will select one for you, who will doubtless, give you the full benefit of his legal skill."

"I beg leave of this honorable court," said I, "with all the dignity of incipient counsellorism, seeking that Absalom was unable to utter my name, to suggest that Mr. Peaslee, the prisoner at the bar, has confided to me the charge of his defence."

I was perfectly aware that making this offer I was disappointing sadly the gentleman who had been already selected to fill the post of prisoner's counsel; but that was a matter of indifference to me, and as Absalom seconded me by a faint sign of approval, I took my seat, not thinking it worth while to hear the muttered objurgations of the dispossessed pettifogger.

You may well suppose that I was not such a "goney" as to expect success in defending my client. Absalom was a doomed man, of course. With me it was the chance of making friends or acquaintances who might help me thereafter in my dealing with the suckers and badgers of the West.

The indictment was read with much force by the prosecuting attorney, it charged upon the prisoner a violent and malicious assault and battery with intent, &c., and was well and wittily drawn up. We, of course, pleaded NOT GUILTY; and the first witness the Frenchman, was sworn on a BACKGAMMON BOARD, and testified to the following effect:

"I am baptised by de nom Jean Baptiste, Louis Alphonse Napoleon Sorbier, I sall be in dis country tree year; bimbey two week pass by I am marrie, my wife's in de citee you call Bos—tang. She say M. Sobier, bimeby, pretty soon, nothing happen, ve shall have large familee. I am fear dat ve so myself so I tell Madame. Ve go to great vest vat you call him, ah! skyvat an de goove arnment propairtee, ve start, ve reach de citee Buffalo, ve take dis botes; I ave several tronk I ave go to ze cellar, vat you call de hole, to see him put safe away; zen I come to ze cabeen, I look in, I say zat moch like Madame Sorbier, look bettare, ze second time. I see Madame bi ze vindare, I see zis sacre d—n, Yankee stand bi mi wife, I say noting, I hold myself back, ah, Mon dieu! I ave de malheur to see dis dear rascille put his two fingers on ze ball side of Madame, vat you call de nake, I not stop longare, I seize him by ze coat tail, I say vat you mean Mistare, zat is my wife, I aye see you stick your d—n dirtee fingare on my wife; I am gentilhome, I will ave de grand satis faction, vat you think he say, "I am PHRENOLOGIST, I HAVE FEEL DE BOMPS OF MADAME." Ah! sacre nom de dieu! he take insult from injurie, I say nothing more, if I ave a horse pistol I run him troo zp boddee several times."

This was the evidence for the prosecution, it was well received, you may be sure, and the Judge's efforts to secure order were in vain, peal on peal of laughter greeted the tragic conclusion. Absalom had rallied wonderfully, I have no doubt his former suspicions had returned in force enough to furnish a sufficient degree of pluck for the occasion. He was by his own request, permitted to tell his own story.

"I've hearn that ar' fellers' story," said Absalom, 'and it's jest about as near unto the truth as Deacon Brown's wife was to heaving twins, she had only one. I see that ar' critter's woman leanin' outer the windor, and I could'nt for the life of me help noticin' her bumps, her hair was plastered down so almighty slick, they stuck out as natural as a bull's tail. Ye see squire I tuk Mister Fowler's Phrenological paper all last winter; and 'fore I left hum, I'd practysed on about all the gals in them parts. I did'nt charge nothin' for doing on't, it was a gratifying duty as old Elder Maffit sed, when he saluted the female converts. Well, yew see I looked at the critter's head, and I says to myself, Jerusha Simmons! if that air' an't the all first'st filofinitive bump! Fever did see, 'twas amazin' it fairly lopped her head over backwards, and I thought to myself if I could only git the dimensions of that air, thicy natural swellin,' in feet and inches, I'll send it to Squire Fowler, for publication, and I was jest about trying to space across, when that tarnal goose-eyed feller there, Mister Sour Beer, gave me a twitch clear threw the cabbin. I did used to think old aunt Patience Larraby could'nt be beat in the jaw line, an' she talked so thunderin' fast it always took tew on us to hear her; she'd flummux one set of ears quicker'n lightnin,' but I gin in now, that air French feller'd talk aunt Patience into fits in less'n a minute. So now Squire, you've hearn his story and you've hearn mine, and if 'taint lawful in this ere free country, for a feller to look at a female critter's bumps in a peaceable, admirin way, I'll pay the beans, I'd gin a shilling any way rather'n not see that air development.'

I had got by this time, to be about 10 o'clock in the evening, and as we expected to reach Detroit, where the boat would stop some two hours, suggested by D——— and assented to by myself, to submit the case to the Judge without summing up. Therefore, that learned and impartial functionary proceeded to express his conviction of Absalom's guilt, and imposed upon him a fine of five dollars.

Oddly enough, as I then thought, the Yankee submitted without a murmur. "Taint no use kickin' said he to me in a low voice, 'I guess I've got my eye-teeth cut cheap enuff. I *spose yew won't charge nothin' Squire, seein'* as you did'nt have anything to say."

"A bargain is a bargain Mr. Peaslee," said I. "You agreed to pay me a V., I did'nt sum up to be sure, but I have no doubt if I had not been your counsel the Judge would have put on twenty dollars at least."

"Wal I ain't goin to rumpass about such a trifle, I aint nothin smaller than a ten."

"I'll give five for it," said I, "and then you can hand that to the Judge, and we'll be square."

I took Absalom's ten merely looking to see the amount, and handed him a city five, he took it very coolly, walked over to where the Judge was standing amidst a knot of laughing cronies, spoke a few words in an under tone; the Judge and his friends looking over at me in a great merriment exclaimed, "all right, Mr. Peaslee all right," and Absalom sloped.

The boat was at the dock and as several of the passengers were to leave, the Judge led the way to the bar, observing to me, I suppose Mr. Jones, we may as well take a general treat out of your client's fee."

"Oh certainly," said I, "walk up gentleman." And so they did, quite a small crowd. The Judge says to the gentleman inside the bar. "Mr. Jones stand the shot."

"There must be a mistake," said I, "did'nt the Yankee hand you a five."

"Not at all, he had handed you a ten and got a five back in exchange, and you would account to the court."

You? Absalom, my client Absalom, thought I, as I paid the damages, thirty-nine drinks at a shilling each. I was rather to say anything about my fee, but concluded I had got off clear and one shilling in pocket.

Oh! the vanity of human calculations! take my advice boys, *never attempt to saw a live Yankee.*

The ten dollar bill was a counterfeit.

DO NOT CHEAT THE POOR.—The Albany Knickerbocker relates the following incident which may be a good example at other places. This fashion of defrauding the laborer is altogether too common, but not much to say that persons who will do it, are preliminary candiates for the States Prison:

A member of the lobby, who was about leaving town a day or two since, was encountered near the Rail Road Depot by his washerwoman, who being of the Amazonian order, stopped him, much against his will, and demanded payment for the washing of about twenty dickeys, twice as many collars, and one or two shirts. He would have resisted payment, but as the lady, a rich brogue and loud voice bro't a large crowd about him, he was compelled, (to escape ridicule,) to give her $3 and refuse the change.

SLAVERY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.—Eighty years ago, slavery existed in Massachusetts; and was there practised, by some, as cruelly as now on the worst sugar plantations of Louisiana. Mrs. Child in her history of Woman, says. "A wealthy lady residing in Glouchester, Mass., was in the habit of giving away the infants of her females slaves a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an infant, which in those days of comparative simplicity, she nourished with her own milk, and reared among her own children. This woman had an earnest desire for a brocade gown, and her husband not feeling able to purchase one, she sent her little nursling to Virginia and sold her, when she was about seven years old."—Yet the people of Massachusetts, like the English, have less charity now for slave-holders than perhaps any other of the citizens of the United States.—Such is human nature.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A SAILOR'S MODE OF FIGHTING INDIANS.—During the Florida war a party of seamen stationed on the Miami to cut wood for the United States steamer Poinsett, were aroused by a report that two Indians had been seen near the encampment. The commanding officer hasting to the spot, found Brown, the boatswain's mate, and Davis, a seaman, in the act of entering a small hammock where the enemy were thought to be concealed.—Intent upon doing their work in their own way, Davis laid down his musket in the path, and caught up a stout stick. Spitting on his hands and grasping his cudgel, he stepped forward calling out, "Come on, Brown, let me get a crack at him, and *you can fire under my lee.*" He no doubt expected to catch an Indian as he would a seal, and crack him on the nose.

FURTHER FROM SANTA FE.

We learn from Oliver P. Haney, editor of the *Santa Fe Republican*, who with Mr. Brown and five men, and one wagon, arrived here yesterday, and passed on to St. Louis, that they left Santa Fe on the 10th February, experiencing much fatigue and great suffering on the route. They got along very well until they reached the Lower Cimarone Springs, notwithstanding some unpleasant, wet weather.—They camped at the Springs, and next morning about daylight were attacked by the Indians, who succeeded in running off all their animals but two. The attack was made under cover of a very dense fog, and so sudden was it that the Indians escaped with the animals without the firing of a shot. After a fruitless search, the next day they catched all their plunder, left their wagon, and, with 15 days' provisions, their clothing and bedding, packed the two mules, and resumed the journey on foot, having before them a plain of 60 miles to traverse ere they would find wood or water; they made the crossing in three days and four nights, amid continued rain and sleet, only stopping long enough to eat. When they attempted to sleep, notwithstanding they all piled together, so intense was the cold they found it impossible, and were forced to keep continually exercising to prevent freezing.

When the party reached Manu's Fort, both animals and men were well nigh exhausted, and without food! The Fort was vacant, but after much search they found plenty of salt pork which had been catched by its former occupants, which was a very seasonable discovery. After recruiting for several days, the little party again took up the line of march, but were stopped at Walnut Creek by high water; while encamped on the bank, Messrs. Newman, Hall. Rees and others, express from Independence, made their appearance on the opposite bank. The water soon subsided and both parties crossed. Mr. Hovey obtained a fresh animal and some provision, from Mr. Newman, and in 2 days reached the Little Arkansas, 100 miles from Council Grove. The men were entirely worn out, and their progress was slow. Messrs. Hovey and Woods determined upon taking the animals, and a Mexican boy who was along, leaving their provisions for the rest, and pushing on to Council Grove, which place they reached in two days having had nothing to eat since they left their camp on the Arkansas. Here they got fresh supplies, and reached Independence last Sunday, 25th, having been on the road 43 days, and walked over 350 miles of the route.

Mr. Hovey furnished us the following particulars in reference to Col. Fremont's trip and misfortunes, which he assures us may be relied on: "Upon leaving Bent's Fort, Col. Fremont started upon a new route. The weather was intensely cold, and after traveling sometime, so severe became the weather, that he lost every animal in one night! It was supposed they were 300 or 400 miles from the Mexican settlements, when this occured. Col. Fremont selected 20 of his best men, gave them fifteen days rations, and started them for the Spanish settlements, with instructions to procure animals and return. They had been gone twenty days, when Col. F. and one man set out to see what had become of them; after nine days travel, he found the party encamped, having given up, and determined to make that the "camp of death." The leader of the party was dead, supposed to have been shot by old Bill Williams, who acknowledged having eat a portion of him.—The party was in a perishing condition, from cold and hunger, the snow being 3 feet deep, and they out of provisions. Col. F. and one man started next day and were fortunate enough to reach Taos settlement in time to send back provisions for the remainder of the party. Before they all got together again, from 11 to 15 of them had perished.

LATER.—Messrs. Austin and Webb left Santa Fe on the 1st of March. We conversed a few minutes with Mr. Austin as he passed down the river. Previous to their leaving (about the 22d of February,) Col. Fremont had reached Santa Fe. He remained but one day, partaking of a dinner tendered him by Col. Washington, acting Governor of New Mexico. There is no news of importance. Times are dull in New Mexico. The gold discovery in California created but little excitement.

STRONG FACTS FOR FARMERS—THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.—While the whig papers are republishing the letter of Mr. Clay of 1846—the letter of Mr. Meredith, of 1848—and the speech of Mr. Clayton, of 1847—all in favor of the principles, and the two latter in favor of the restoration of the tariff of 1842, it may be useful to look at the last act of Great Britain, by which she abolished the duty on her corn laws, no doubt led to that measure of justice by the liberal policy of this country as asserted in the tariff of 1846. A glance will show how far our country is interested in preserving that tariff, and how vastly the farmers will continue to be benefited by its wise and equal provisions. We ask the farmers to look at the facts.

On the 1st of Febuary, 1849, the corn laws which had plundered the toiling millions of Great Britain for more than a century, were literally repealed.—The trade in bread-stuffs, by the operation of the English act of 1845, is virtually free—the fixed tax of one shilling per quarter, or two and a half cents per bushel, being merely nominal. The state of things now existing, is that the duty on cotton is abolished, reduced upon rice, and wholly abolished on corn, and all kinds of grain. The duty on provisions is also greatly modified. We have noticed Mr. Labouchere's recent proposal to amend the British Navigation laws so as to open still wider the door for the introduction of our bread-stuffs, and to aid the commercial marine of a nation whose ships are now in every sea under Heaven, and whose sailors and ship-builders are without superiors in the world! And yet, in order to *protect* a few wealthy manufacturers in our country, who have made large fortunes by unequal laws, and by grinding the faces of the laboring poor, the leaders of the whig party now in General Taylor's cabinet, would shut out from the agriculturists the prospect that is before them, and deprive the people of an opportunity to realize a commercial superiority never equalled in the history of man!—*Pitts. Post.*

THEIR EYES OPENED.—The London Times appreciates, at length, the war-like capabilities of the *United States*.

Two million of citizens, accustomed to arms, many of them practiced in the use of the rifle, and hardened in the services of the forest, ambitious for distinction, supply a never failing fund of volunteers. The army of a republic consists not of privates but of knights. Its very staple is heroic. What crowns, however, both the glory, the grace, and the ability of this conquest is, that all the States, all parties, and all professions, equally contribute their quota to the field, thus proving Texas and New Mexico belong not more to this or that State than to all, and exhibiting also a pledge to the world of that terrible unanimity with which the Union will, on future occasions, prosecute its quarrels, or its ends.

MANUFACTURING PROFITS AT THE SOUTH.—The Augusta Manufacturing Company have declared a dividend of 3 per cent, for the last three months, which is at the rate of 12 *per cent. per annum.*—The Augusta Chronicle says:—"This result is the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that during this time only one hundred and sixty looms have been in operation. The full compliment with the present capital would be two hundred looms.—When the additional capital of forty thousand dollars, subscribed by the original stockholders, is paid in, the number of looms will be increased to three hundred and twenty-five. Some idea may from this be formed of the future business and profits of the Company." Remember, reader, that the Tariff of 1846, that "monster of iniquity," is producing this *disastrous state of affairs!*

THE PIRATE MOORS.—The English government demands of Morocco $10,000 as indemnity for an English subject who has been ill-treated; $18,000 for each of the persons who were wounded in the capture of the brig Three Sisters, taken near Gibraltar; $18,000 for the families of those who were killed, and a full compensation for the losses sustained by the owner and freighter of the vessel, making in all $100,000. The Moor of the Riff will have to pay $20,000, and are to chastise the pirates to the satisfaction of the commander of the Sidon, who is charged with the settlement of this affair.

RAILROAD IRON.—The American Railroad Journal states that some symptoms of a revival of the business of the manufacture of rails in this country, are beginning to appear. The railroad companies, or some or them, are just finding out that the importation of rails the past year, have given them iron of a quality inferior to that of our own manufacture. It is only the lowest grade of iron that has filled the contracts at the cheap prices of the past year. A preference is now given to rails of American manufacture.

TWO HONORED VICTIMS.

Col. L. P. Cheatham, the worthy, efficient and gentlemanly postmaster at Nashville, Tennessee, has been removed. This is another instance of pure party proscription. Col. Cheatham served the public honestly and faithfully, and was a Democrat, though not a meddler in politics—and for this he was removed. Neither good conduct in office, the wishes of a majority of the citizens of Nashville, (although a Whig city,) nor the fact that his son, Col. B. F. Cheatham, faught in several bloody battles in in Mexico, and aided Gen. Taylor in winning victories which made him President, could save his head from being brought to the block.

Col. Cheatham, the son of the deposed postmaster was one of the first officers to enter a fort at Monterey. He performed gallant services at Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, yet, notwithstanding these facts, his father is removed from an office barely sufficient to support him and his numerous faily, and a large property holder placed in his stead. So much for the justice and liberality of the new administration.

The venerable Simon Drum, for more than forty years postmaster at Greensburg, Westmorland county, in this State, has also fallen under the axe of an administration which came into power with false profession of moderation on its lips. Mr. Drum is the father of the celebrated Capt. Drum who fought so heroically at Buena Vista under the flag of his country, and afterwards fell in the valley of Mexico, after having recaptured the guns he had lost in the former engagements. General Taylor was appealed to save the sire of this gallant hero.—He was appealed to be true to his pledges at least in his case: but all to no purpose. The enemies of the war in which the chivalric Drum breathed his last, succeded in forcing Gen. Taylor to allow the memory of the illustrious dead to be violated to the person of the venerated living!—[*Pennsylvanian.*

WRECK OF THE STEAMER ACADIA.—We learn from the Boston Daily Advertiser that the steamer *Acadia*, which has been running until recently as one of the British line of steamers between Boston and Liverpool, and has made some of the shortest passages on record, was lost on the night of Sunday, March 10th, while on her voyage from Liverpool to Bremen. The Representatives of the german Government, by whom she had been purchased, were on board, all of whom, with the officers and crew, and all persons on board, were saved.

This steamer, together with the Britannia, both vessels of 1600 tons measurement were lately purchased by the German Central Government, for the purpose of being converted into war ships, and with that intent had been subjected, in Cobourg dock, to important improvements with a view to strengthen them, so as to adapt them to the carrying of heavy guns. The Acadia left Liverpool on the 8th, manned by a crew of sixty men and officers, under the command of Captain Jackson, and she was followed on the 10th by the Britannia.—The first news from her after her departure was that on sailing along the coast of Holland, at the date above mentioned, in a hazy night, with a boisterous northerly wind, she struck on a dangerous shoal known as the outer bank of Terschellug, and all efforts to get her off proved unavailing. She filled in a short time, and settled over on her broadside. It was apprehended that she would become a complete wreck, but no definite information of her final fate had been received. All persons on board escaped, and took refuge in two vessels, one of which arrived two days afterwards at Amsterdam. The value of the ship, with her machinery, the steam engine being of 500 horse power, was estimated at nearly £100,000.

THE ICARIAN COMMUNISTS AT NAUVOO.—The Nauvoo correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, writes to that paper as follows, under date of the 21st ultimo:—

"Although Nauvoo has been reduced from her proud position of an important and flourishing city—although her population has been diminished to one-fourth of what it was under the dynasty of its frantic founder, yet a new era is now dawning on the humble capitol of Mormonism; a new impulse bids fair to make it far surpass, in substial prosperity, its palmiest days of Mormon pride. Only a week since there was an arrival at this city, of three hundred citizens of France, who were seeking that repose in the quiet of our own well regulated government, which they could not enjoy amid the stormy and proscription spirit which has so long agitated their own country. This band of emigrants, struck with the picturesque beauty of the place, and impressed with the healthfulness of the surrounding country and the healthfulness of the locality, have come to the conclusion that no place can be better adapted to their wants than Nauvoo. This company of emigrants is headed by the distinguished Capet, who is determined to make this place a nucleus for emigration. It is said that seven hundred, who belong to the same association, are expected to meet their friends here in a short time, and that thirty thousand, who are still in France, and who are said to belong to the same brotherly fraternity, will emigrate and settle with their brethren who are already in the United States under the flattering expectation that Nauvoo will be made the nucleus of this emigration. There is no reason why it should not rival in prosperity and importance, the most flourishing cities of the west."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.—We saw a funny spectable the other day. A dozen omnibusses, with their live freight, were about starting on a frolic, when a young woman ran hastily up, and said to a gentleman of the party, who had just seated himself cozily by the side of a pretty girl:

"Here, sir, I want to know what right to have to be goin on pic-nics, and your wife and child at home?"

"Hush, Julia," whispered the gentleman, hastily getting out of the omnibus, "hush, the people will hear you."

"Who cares if they do? Why did'nt you think of the people, or of me, or your child, instead of running off to pic nics with other women?"

"Well—there—now—don't—"

"But, I will, though! And as for you, Miss, if you ever dare to look at my husband, I'll—"

"I didn't look at him, ma am" tremblingly replied the poor girl: "I thought he was a single man when he asked me to go on a pic-nic with him."

"So, you're begun your didoes, have you, my larkey?" exclaimed the wife; "you've begun your didoes have you? So.—so—I'll give you a lession which you'll remember—*(taking him by the ear)* now walk with me!"

We wouldn't have stood in that poor fellow's boots that day; no, not for the privilege of listening to the best sermon ever preached.

DECIDEDLY RICH.—One of the parvense ladies of our village, but would be wonderfully aristocratic in all domestic matters, was visiting a few days since at Mr. G———'s, (all know the old Major,) when, after tea the following conversation occured between the Major's excellent old fashionable lady and the "top-not," in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the table.

Mrs.——, "Why Mrs.——! you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table? It's horrible."

Mrs. G——. "Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my practice. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness, or as the boys called it, "codfish aristocracy." And after coloring and stammering she answered in a very low voice. "Y-e-s I b e-l-e-i-v-e i-t w-a-s," and "sloped."—[*Jackson Patriot.*

LAKE NAVIGATION.—Chautauque Lake is again to be made a route for the regular transportation of goods, at least, if not of passengers. Mr. Geo. Stoneman, we understand is building a boat to be propelled by horse power, and to run between this village and Mayville, "touching at intermediate ports." The hull of this craft is formed of two canoes, each 50 feet long, placed parallel to each other and a few feet apart, upon which the decks rests. Of its capacity for freight we are not informed. We do not see why the enterprise may not prove both profitable to Mr. S., and a convenience to the public. Certainly it will be the later, if it will do the service of the little steamboat which formerly plied on that route.—[*Jamestown Journal.*

DISTRESSING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—We learn from the York Republican that on the 6th inst., Mr. Conrad Zimmerman, residing near Kister's tavern, in that county, was attacked with hydrophobia, and suffered all the horrible torture of that terrible disease. Dering one of the paroxysms he succeeded in releasing himself from the cords with which his arms had been secured, and casting his attendants from him, seized a razor and put an end to his existance by cutting his throat. He leaves a wife and child to mourn his death.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1849.

THE TARIFF—WHIG CONSISTENCY.

One of the most curious characteristics of the whig party is that it cannot be consistent in its advocacy of any one measure. In illustration of this position, let us take the Tariff question. One would suppose that upon this, if upon no other, they would hold a steady hand, and advocate now the same doctrine and the same measures they professed to sustain previous to the election. But such is not the fact. It is a matter of history that the whig party in this state and in fact in every state, professed last fall before the election, to be favorable to the unconditional re-enactment of the odious tariff of '42. But how has their conduct squared with this profession? Let history and the proceedings of Congress answer! On the 23th of February last, Mr. Hudson, from the committee on Ways and Means, made a report on the subject of the tariff, in which he utterly *repudiated* the *idea of re-enacting* the bill of '42. An extract of this report we give below, and although it strikes a death blow at the very roots of every thing the whig party has professed heretofore, we have seen but little comment, on the part of our whig cotempararies, in regard to it, and that certainly not in condemnation. Why is this so? The majority of the House of Representatives of the United States in the late Congress were whigs, and the committee thoroughly so! Why then has not their report been referred to as the dotrine of the party by the whig press? The reason is obvious. It was thrown out as a feeler—as a kind of decoy—with the undoubted intention of paving the way to a total abandonment of their previous position. It cannot have been forgotten by the people that previous to the last election the manufacturing districts in Pennsylvania were constantly harrangued by whig orators on the subject of the *mischievous and wicked repeal of the Tariff of '42, and the most explicit* assurances were given that the same tariff should be re-enacted, and the odious bill of '46 repealed. In our town and county this was every where preached by whig orators. These harrangues and these promises had a great effect, according to whig testimony, in the iron and mining districts of the state. In Schuylkill it changed the vote of that county from 800 Democratic majority to 1200 whig. The promise was unequivocal that the bill of '42 should be restored. The trick was successful—the fraud was consummated—the people were deceived—and now look at the result! A *whig* committee, in a whig Congress, publish a report, without *offering* a bill, in which they declare that *"that they do not ask that the Tariff of '42 should be revived!"* Never were there such palpable frauds committed on the public to gain an ascendancy as there were last fall to secure the election of Gen. Taylor. The President was to be a "no-party" President, and yet the sword of proscription has at no previous period been worked so industriously as within the month-and-a-half since the Administration came into power. The Tariff of '42 was to be re-instituted, yet it is now declared an "obsolete idea" by a *whig committee*: The following is an extract from the report referred to:

The interest of the country requires stability in prices and in our revenue laws. The manufacturers, so far as we know, do not ask a high rate of duty. What they desire and what their interest demand, is *that the revenue system be adopted which will give what revenue is necessary to the government;* and in apportioning the rate, that reference should be had to the *wants of all the great industrial interests of the country.* They know very well that in order to be permanent, the duties should be reasonably low. While they ask *that the tariff of 1846 should be modified, they do not ask that the tariff of 1842 should be revived.* They admit that in many respects the tariff 1842 apparently imposed higher rates of duty than the present state of the country requires. This we believe is the sentiment of the intelligent manufacturers of the country. And *in this general opinion we* fully concur. The duties in the tariff of 1846 are nearly high enough as a whole; but several important modifications seem to be required by the country. In the first place there should be a reduction of the duty on the raw materials used in manufactures, when these *materials do not come* in conflict with any interest in this country. We see no wisdom in the tax now imposed upon the dye stuffs which are not procured in the United States. Let these duties be repealed, or greatly reduced, and the sum thus lost to the revenue can be made up by needed. The [illegible] upon which a discriminating protection is *of manufacturing interests* any more than of any other. They do not wish to see duties prohibitory in their character enacted. All that they desire—all that any intelligent citizen should ask—in a word, all that the interest of the community demands, is that such duties should be imposed upon each article as will create, under all the circumstances of the case, a fair competition between the manufacturer at home and abroad. This we are inclined to believe is what the great body of the people would be disposed to give, when the case is fairly presented to them.

The whigs never fail to bellow most boisterously, before an election, against Democratic doctrines and measures, and yet after they are successful, sneak as nearly into them as possible. Such a course, although disreputable in them, is nevertheless a striking but unwilling complement to the truthfulness and justice of Democratic policy. Their approximation is the result of fear rather than a desire to be just. *"The duties in the Tariff of 1846,"* says a *whig* committee, *"are nearly high enough as a whole,"* yet they promised before the election to sweep the odious bill entirely from the statute book. This is whig consistency, as illustrated by promises before, and acts after an election.

ANOTHER WHIG SWINDLE.—The *Whig* cities of Allegheny and Pittsburg, and the *whig* county of Allegheny, for the last few years, have been doing a very extensive business in Banking, by issuing hundreds of thousands of dollars of script, which had obtained extensive circulation through Western Pennsylvania from the fact that the Brokers in Pittsburgh have readily bought it up at a nominal discount. They have now, however, shut down upon it, *and it is comparatively worthless.* Is not this a beautiful exemplification of *whig* financeering. Here is a two *whig* cities, and a *whig* county, flooding the country with their indebtedness until it is found in the pockets of almost every laborer and mechanic in western Pennsylvania, when, by either connivance with the brokers, or a culpable inability to keep it at par, it is all at once found to be worthless—a mere bunch of pictured trash! We call this swindling!—And more, we call it the legitimate fruits of *whig* rule! The laborer is swindled out of thousands—the poor are made poorer by such frauds, but who cares. Not the whig politician! He will learnedly tell you that the wants of the country demand the issue of paper promises on the peoples indebtedness—that to make *all* classes prosperous, Government has only to protect capital, and capital will protect labor. But generalizing aside, when will the poor learn to put no faith in whig *promises*, whether issued from an orator previous to an election, or by a county, city or banking corporation!

THE REASON WHY.—Since Andy Stewart did'nt get to be Secretary of the Treasury, the Editor of the *Commercial's* prospects for the Collectorship of this port, although decidedly small before, have become beautifully less—hence he is disposed to quarrel with every body more fortunate than himself in the hopes of forcing *some one to resign in his* favor. This is the reason he devotes three-fourths of the Editorial in his last paper in abusing us, and our former partner. As this *mishap* to "Tariff Andy" has reduced our cotemporary to the verge of political bankruptcy, we have no doubt the Deputy Collector of the port, would take pity upon him, and resign in his favor, had he not, like Gen. Taylor, conscientious scruples against contributing in any way to place *dishonest* and *incompetent men* in office!

☞ A whig paper before us says Gen. Taylor "intends to observe the wise and patriotic rule of Washington, in excluding his own kindred from the enjoyment of executive partiality in the disposition of the public patronage." This is all very well, but is'nt it a pity his practice has'nt more influence upon the conduct of his Secretaries? The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ewing, has already provided his brother-in-law, father-in-law, and son, to say nothing about cousins, to good fat offices! Certainly if this "wise and patriotic rule of Washington" is right for the President, it is for the Secretary, and if it is for the Secretaries, it is for their appointees! "Sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander."

PHILADELPHIA—ERIE AND OHIO RAIL ROAD.

Some four or five years since the legislature of this State passed an act authorizing the incorporation of a company to construct a canal from Franklin, in Venango county, to the Aqueduct on French Creek, or rather to put in repair the Canal and Slackwater navigation made by the state, and then going out of repair. The charter was paid for and obtained, and officers elected the first year accordingly. Upon the idea that it would *be cheaper and more advantageous as well to the public* as to the company to construct a rail road along the towpath, and have the natural navigation of French Creek as it had been, those interested in that improvement had several times applied to the legislature for the privilege of changing the construction to that of a rail road instead of a canal; but it had failed for the want of time to act upon it, and perhaps, in part, for want of interest in the subject. During the past winter the people of Franklin and vicinity again forwarded a petition for the same purpose, asking also the privilege of extending the road north to lake Erie and south end to Pittsburgh; and we understand that a bill to that effec was passed and *signed by* the Governor. We also understand that *as soon as it* was known in Philadelphia that such a bill had passed, having Erie in it, the sage Board of Trade of that city, immediately took the alarm that it might authorize the company to extend the improvement in such a manner as to terminate at the Ohio line on lake Erie, and thus effect the completion of a rail road *from this place to the line of the state:* and this part of it form the *wanted link in* the great line of rail road from the Atlantic to Chicago and the great west. In consequence of this supposition the said wise Board of Trade have passed diverse silly and boyish resolutions. We believe the act is such as they apprehend—that the object desired here can be effected by *means* of it, whether the good people of Franklin intended it at the time of their petition or not, and we are very much obliged to the Philadelphians for the discovery they have made. But they may lay their hands on their hearts and be at perfect ease on the subject, for whether this bill will have the effect they dread or not, the puny efforts of this wise Board of Trade in Philadelphia *cannot prevent* the construction of a work forming so short a link in one of the greatest lines of thoroughfares in the Union. It will be made, and they had better avail themselves of its benefits, and turn their attention to doing s me good for themselves, rather than give themselves so much trouble to prevent their neighbors acting for their own benefit and that of the public.

In connection with this subject, we may mention that the Engineers are now busy at work in making the survey of the Erie and North East Railroad, which will be put under contract this summer and completed next.

A RARE BIRD.—A consistent whig is so rare a bird in these Taylor times that we cannot forbear when we come across one to call the attention of the public to the fact. From the following card from Mr. Alexander Mitchel, in old and respectable whig of Eaton, Ohio, it will be seen that there is least *one* whig in the land that holds to the same doctrine now that he preached before the election. We have do doubt that if some cute Yankee, like Burnum, would take Mr. Mitchel around as a *rare avis* in political ornothology, he would soon make his fortune! But joking aside, a more withering rebuke of the falsehood and deception practiced upon the country by Gen. Taylor and his followers we have seldom read. It is the more effective because it comes from one who voted for the present anministration!

CONSISTENCY FOREVER.—I understand that many of my friends wish to recommend me for Postmaster in Easton. Some have solicited me on the subject. Although I feel grateful for their kindness and good intention, I cannot consent to have any pretensions for that office. It is a nice little office; and I should like well to have it, if it could be obtained *with honor and consistency.* If there was a vacancy by death or resignation, or otherwise, I would like to fill the place. But as a consistent whig I am opposed to party proscription. In 1840, the *whigs universally cried out against proscription*, tin-panning and gerrymandering, as the most abominable things on earth. And they *denounced* the saying "to the victors belong the spoils," as a vile locofoco *principle.* Now, all these things *appear to me as vile and abominable as ever.* THEY SEEM WORSE IN THE WHIGS than in the others: as vice is more odious in a *loud professor of religion* that in a common sinner.

Consistency always compels me to oppose these anti-republican things in every party. I was opposed to the proscription of Isaac Stephens, for his political opinions. And the same consistency requires me to oppose the [illegible] *opinions.* If I was more poor and needy than I am, and if the office was ten times as good as it is, and it was certain that it could be obtained, under present circumstances, *as a man of principle I* could not consent to have it. And it is very uncertain whether I could be successful. But some tell me that the removal is certain, and that I may as well have the place as any other. *This is like the boy stealing the apples.* He concluded that as other boys were about stealing them he might as well have them.

In the shameful squabble about the Post Office, some years ago, I stood aloof, and kept my hands clean, and I feel determined not to dirty them now. I supported Gen. Taylor, because he was not an ultra Whig, and proposed being the President, not of a party, *but of the whole people.* And I fondly hope his administration will not be disgraced by *political intolerance and party proscription.*

ALEXANDER MITCHEL.

The Salem Gazette has the courage to thank heaven that we have a President *pledged* not to use the veto. It is a good thing to have faith.—*Boston Post.*

Just so—but this Salem man's "faith" must be stronger than a Millerite's to believe in Gen. Taylor's "pledges" now. Did he not "pledge" himself to be the President of the *whole* people, and not of a "party?" and *is he not falsifying that pledge daily?* Does he not stand "pledged" before the country not to lend himself to party schemes? and is he not lending himself to party schemes daily? A penny for his "pledges" or the "pledges" of any other whig. They are only given to be broken—only spoken to be falsified!

THE DIFFERENCE.—The *Commercial* affects to consider the election of *three* Democratic congressmen in *Connecticut*, in the place of three Whigs, making a difference of *six* in the house, a very small affair. It may be in *his* estimation, but it is not so in that of all his cotemporaries. For instance, the Buffalo Express, upon hearing the news, declared that it *rendered the election* of Gen. Taylor a *barren victory*, because, it continued, it results in giving the Democrats a majority in the House of Representatives. For our part we like just such "dwindled down victories."

☞ Samuel Hopper, of Lewistown, in the State, has constructed a saw mill on a small stream gushing out of a mountain, running under a head of water of 120 feet conducted in iron pipes 8 and 6 feet in diameter, making the pressure of the water in his wheel 58 lbs to each square inch, the discharge from the [illegible]ercussion wheel only 2½ inches diameter driving the saw 360 strokes per minute, with 20 inches sweep. The mill is owned by Hopper & Hamilton, of the above named place, and is in full operation, sawing lumber a little faster than any other mill known to them, and perhaps under the highest head of water used in the United States.

NO PROSCRIPTION, OH NO.—We noticed last week, in a hasty way, the fact that David Olin Esq. had been removed from the office of Post Master at Girard. Why has he been removed, if not because he was a Democrat; and yet his Administration came into power professing to "proscribe proscription." No man can say that he did not possess "honesty and capability." Of course President Taylor, who has *"no enemies to punish,"* and who is anxious to "do away with party asperity," and who is "not the President of a party," or "trammelled with party obligations of any kind," but "loathes proscription," had no hand in this removal! Oh no. He "leaves all such matters with his cabinet." Vive la humbug!

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE, for April is a first rate number in every respect. It contains a quantity of interesting and profitable original reading matter. This work is, after all, far superior to any of the Ladies' Magazines published in the country, and we don't see how the publisher can afford to publish it at the low price of $1 a year. We forgot to credit the thrilling tale on our first page, to this Magazine.

☞ An old man, one of the few brave spirits who fought under Gen. Wayne in the desperate battle of Stoney Point, was lately asking alms in Cincinnati from door to door. Well may the question be asked—"Are Republics grateful?"

THEATRE.

The Theatical company alluded to last week, we understand have arrived, and will make their first appearance before an Erie audience to-night at Brown's Hotel. *This company comes among us highly recommended* from the places in which they have performed heretofore, and we have no doubt those of our citizens who may be disposed to patronize them will be fully remunerated for their time and money. We hope to see a full house to-night. Tickets only 25 cts.

A HOME THRUST.—George Lippard, of the Quaker City, although the author of some nonsense, says a great many good things—more than the world is willing to give him credit for. The following paragraph, for example, is an excellent piece of irony, and a regular home-thrust at many a pretended philanthropist. We venture to say that the number of zealous opponents of slavery is not small, who at heart entertain precisely the same motives for their advocacy of "free labor," as George here puts in the mouth of his "northern capitalist:"

"I DON'T LIKE NEGRO SLAVERY," said a northern capitalist in our hearing; "I pay one of my hands from 75 cents to a dollar a day. He works from sunrise till dark, in summer; and in winter from before day until long after night. I can pay him in orders, if I like, and I make 25 per cent on every order. If he gets sick he is no charge to me. If he dies I lose nothing, but can *promptly supply his place with another hand.* Now, Negro Slavery would not work well at all. For every slave that died, I would lose from $400 to $1000. I would have to support a slave, in *idleness, in sickness,* and in old age. You can't get half the work out of a slave, that you can out of a free, white man. I go for freedom. The largest liberty, and plenty of free soil—that's the talk. Don't mention Negro Slavery in my presence again."

GOOD AND STRONG.—Hon. Jo. L. WHITE of Buffalo Convention notoriety, talks out to the Clay men of New York city after this fashion, on the occasion of the Clay festival, in honor of his birth day:

It was not by the act of God, it was not for the want of affection instant, pressing, ardent, omnipresent throughout the land in the bosoms of men, but on account of a malicious, malignant. Gentlemen, may I speak here? ["Speak, speak!"] It was on account of a deep-seated, malicious, malignant, eternal, damnable hostility that the nomination of Mr. Clay was defeated and the hope of his friends and the desire of the Whigs of the Union swept away by *one* fell blow. And that blow was wielded by the hand of traitors in the Whig camp. By that blow, of the combined power of treachery and of money, &c., &c.

Henry Clay was shamefully sacrificed in that convention; assassinated, murdered in the house of his friends; and then, after the nomination, the friends of Henry Clay were asked to trample upon the grave where their hopes were entombed, and to shake hands with their idol's assassins. That deed was too full of *sacrilege* for me to do this, and rather than that act, I turned aside from that path and *cursed the assassins in my heart, as I curse them now!!*

☞ The Editor of the *Commercial* has a good many anecdotes to tell about us this week. All right and proper—but the only anecdote we ever read in which he figured, even by implication, is the one about Balaam and his ass. Balaam, it will be recollected, administered corporeal chastisment to the dumb brute, and it spoke. *We* have touched our *ass* of the *Commercial* somewhere on the *raw* and *he* has spoke too. "Appropos," we trust none of the descendants of Balam's quadruped will prosecute us for slander for drawing this comparison.

The Lowell Courier continues to argue that Postmaster General Collamer ought to turn out every postmaster that expresses an independent opinion of President Taylor.—*Boston Post.*

The Lowell *Courier* argues correctly—what business has a man that expresses an "independent opinion" on any subject to hold office under a "no-party" "anti-proscritive" administration like Gen. Taylor's. None at all! None but sycophantic worshipers of Banks and Protection—of worn out theories and expolded governmental humbugs—none but the bought tools of a defunct United States Bank, like Penrose, Irwin & Co. are *capable* of holding office *where* "honesty and accountability are to be introduced into every Department of the Government"—*in a horn!*

GOOD SUBSCRIBERS.—The New York Day Book is disposed to boast of its many good paying subscribers.—It has the following:

The book-keeper reports Zachary Taylor as being the only man to whom the paper was sent last year, who has not paid for it in full. The Vice President of the United States paid for his "like a man," last January. So did the Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress, a large number of gentlemen of similar respectability, and Governor Fish and quite as good men as Zachary Taylor, to say the least.

A NAUGHTY GIRL.—A young lady was arrested in Allegheny city, last Saturday, for *throwing stones* at a boarding house in that city. The girls in Allegheny are certainly very naughty—it is'nt long since several of them were convicted of a riot, and kicking up a muss generally among the cotton lords.

☞ It is rumored that our friend of the *Commercial*, having become suspicious that his chances for the Collectorship are not very flattering, is about to proceed to Washington to plead *his own* case. We hope he'll carry a better recommendation in his pockets than he does in his countenance.

☞ The Whigs say that the Democrats have proscribed them for more than 20 years. Not so. The whig leaders have been proscribing their country ever since the war of 1812; and for this the people kept them out of power. Their very last act was a movement in favor of Mexico and against their own country. Such men proscribe themselves by proscribing their country.

☞ The Portland Argus relates how Mrs. Jeremiah Sweet broke the furniture, window glass and bottles of H. G. Cole, who she supposed sold her husband intoxicating drink. After completing the job she got into her chaise and drove off. She had repeatedly requested retailers not to let her h sband have the poison.

ANOTHER VICTIM!—Gen. Taylor, in a letter written by his own hand, granted permission to Gen. McCalla, the Second Auditor, to visit his wife, who was lying dangerously ill at Charleston, Va; and while thus absent, on an errand of mercy, Mr. Clayton, of Geo., was appointed as his successor! Would Gen. Washington *do such an act as this?* Let us hear no more about the humanity of President Taylor.

A GOOD HIT.—The New York *Mirror*, the *original* Taylor paper in that city, perpetrates the following good one on the result in Connecticut:

REMOVALS.—Of all the "removals" that have been chronicled within the last week, none have occasioned us half so much regret as the removal of three whig congressmen in the State of Connecticut. Let us have no more *proscription* of this sort.

☞ The Editor of the *Gazette* thinks we don't succeed well in perpetrating connundrums. It may be so—but it strikes us we succeed about as well as he does in perpetrating——*matrimony!* And the beauty of it is, we hav'nt attempted the connundrums half so often.

☞ We are under obligations to the Editor of the Pittsburgh *Post* for a daily exchange. The favor is more deeply appreciated, because unsolicited. Appropos; the Post is an excellent paper—democratic to the core—which we can recommend to our friends, who wish a daily from the Iron City, with pleasure.

☞ The southern papers say that "another break has recently occurred in the levee of West Baton Rouge, which has completely inundated the neighborhood, causing the inhabitants to fly to the high ground in every direction." These Louisianians, like other people who are obliged to depend on "the banks," have a good deal of difficulty at times in keeping their heads above water.

☞ Mrs. Ann Gerry, relict of Eldridge Gerry, died at New Haven, on the 17th ult., aged 86 years. Mr Gerry was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a prominent democrat in the old struggles between democrats and federalists.

☞ Fitz Green Halleck, Esq., the distinguished poet, who has shown symptoms of insanity for some ten days past, is now a confirmed lunatic and has been placed by his friends in the Asylum, at Bloomingdale, on Long Island.

REMOVED.—We learn by telegraph that ROBERT COCHRAN, Esq., Post Master in this city, has been *removed* by Gen. Taylor, and THOMAS H. SILL, Esq., appointed in his place. "So much for Buckingham!"

News of the Week.

By Telegraph to the Observer and the Buffalo and Pittsburgh papers.

NEW YORK, April 16—2½ P. M.

The *Tribune* says: "We learn from Washington, that the post of Charge de Affaires to Bogota has been tendered to Dr. Thos. M. Foote, of Buffalo, editor of the Commercial Advertiser."

A despatch dated Baltimore, says: "I have it from good authority that J. Prescott Hall has been appointed Attorney for the Southern District of New York, and Philip Hone as naval officer of the port of New York.

William Jackson has been appointed postmaster of Syracuse.

A gentleman recently arrived from Independence, Mo., states that about 4000 persons had collected at that place who were preparing to leave for California. Every place was full. Oxen and mules scarce and high.

Rev. Dr. Power, well known as the Catholic Vicar General died on Saturday. He has been ill for two years.

The Post Master General has directed an extension of the Chicago steam boat mail, from the western termination of the Michigan Central railroad, direct to Milwaukie, touching at Waukeegan, Southport and Racine.

Hon. J. A. Quitman has been nominated for Governor of Mississippi, by a democratic meeting at Lowndes Co.

Col. Fremont's letter to Col. Benton, dated at Taos, describing his perilous adventure is published in the *Intelligencer.*

A despatch from Washington states that a second is published, dated Taos, Feb. 6. Col. F. says: "Our party, wearied and frozen, one after another were left behind to die. Others pressed onwards to save themselves from *hunger, cold and starvation, eating* the bodies of their dead comrades before they were cold.

NEW YORK, April 17—2½ P. M.

The Board for the settlement of Mexican claims met in Washington yesterday. Mr. Smith being absent, the Intelligencer writes that the *sitting of the* Board will be continued from day to day, to receive papers, &c.

The Washington Foundry, in Camden st., Baltimore was burnt *this morning.*

Appointments by the President.—D. S. Hawes, Collector at Apalachicola, Fa.

Robt. D. Little, Naval Officer at N. Orleans.

Manuel Garcia, Surveyor port of N. Orleans.

John W. Crockett, Commissioner to superintend building of new Custom House, N. Orleans.

Brigadier Gen. Pillow declines being a candidate for the governorship of Tennessee.

A fire destroyed the looking glass factory of F. C. Meller, in Liberty street, this morning, and literaly drowned out the dry goods stores underneath.

The Crescent City sailed for Chagres about 12½ today, with a large number of California passengers—143 in all. There was a large concourse of people to see her off. The Crescent City it is said has on board $150,000 *in silver coin*—dimes, half dimes and quarter dollars.

WASHINGTON, April 16.

The Jury in Shuster's case stood 7 for acquittal and 5 for conviction, and having been out 48 hours, were discharged.

Nelson Poe has *been nominated* by the whigs for the 3d Congressional district of *Md.*

The election for city officers took place at Hartford, Ct., yesterday. Whig ticket elected. Phillip Ripley, whig Mayor, elected

GRAIN.—For wheat there is fair demand and market firm. Sales 700 buhels prime Ohio at 1a101 and 2000 do Genesee 1 20.

CORN.—Moderate demands but prices if anything a shade easier for the buyers. Some 4000 bushels were sold at a trifle under 56½ for southern yellow, 57½a58 for northern do, 52a52½ for white and mixed, southern 48½ for heated do.

OATS.—Steady at 30a32 for Jersey, 33a35 for northern.

PROVISIONS.—There is more doing in pork and prices for mess are a trifle better. Sales 1500 bbls at 10 37½a 10 50 and 8 44a8 50 for mess and prime. 100 bbls sour mess sold at 9 37½.

Butter and cheese without change.

The appointment of Mathew L. Davis to the office of *despatch agent*, a sinecure worth $800 or more a year, is exciting considerable feeling among the rough and ready men of New York. Mr. Davis, it is said voted for Martin Van Buren.

The London Despatch gives a long report of the examination of the Rev. Thomas Haughton Harding of the established church, on a charge of beating and bruising his wife. Plea, "Guilty." Excuse, general extravagance of the wife, and self "drunk" at the time of the assault.

A young man by the name of Davis committed suicide in the Bank Spring Church, near Camden, in this State, because the evening previous a young lady refused to allow him to accompany her home from meeting. In his pocket was found a small note addressed to the lady, requesting that she might be buried by his side.

The marriage of Seth Barton, U. S. minister, with a señorita made a great fuss in Chili the priests refusing their consent to the ceremony because Mr. B. is a heretic. The event was nevertheless celebrated in great style.

EIGHT HUNDRED TONS OF WOMEN.—A Boston letter says, "It would not surprise me if Mrs. Farnham obtained as many women in Lowell, to go to California with her, as would fill a ship of eight hundred tons." Well done, Lowell! This beats the trade in granite and ice, all hollow.

☞ If Fuz Warren was not appointed to office for mere partisan services, the Iowa Gazette thinks it will be very difficult to tell what he was appointed for.

John Dow, a young man just admitted as a freeman, walked twenty-eight miles on the day of the late election, to vote for Seymour and the Democratic ticket in Connecticut.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

☞ April 13th, 1848. Four miles north of Chicago, (on the road to Milwaukie,) Cook Co., Ill.

Mr. Sloan—Dear Sir. One of my horses had a large bony Tumor on his breast bone, immediately under the collar, which lamed him and rendered his services of little value. I faithfully applied several bottles of Dr. Taylor's Nerve and Bone Liniment, without the least benefit. I then procured Wilder's Celebrated Horse Ointment, and used that until I became fully satisfied that it would never relieve the animal. Finally, I obtained a box of your truly valuable Ointment, and in less than 60 days from the first application the tumor entirely disappeared and the horse was well. Yours, EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

☞ All the Medicines advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold on commission by Carter & Brother, No. 6, Reed House.

☞ THE LIVER COMPLAINT.—Dr M'Lane, the inventor of the best remedy for that fearful disease, which has ever been offered to the public, thus describes the symptoms which indicate a disordered state of that important organ:

"*Symptoms of a diseased Liver.*—Pain in the right side, under border of the ribs, increase on pressure. Sometimes the pain is so slight as scarcely to be noticed. The patient is rarely able to lie on the left side. Sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness—the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax. The head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant.—The patient complains of weariness and debility—he is easily startled—his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin. His spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he dislikes every remedy."

Have you any or all of these symptoms? Call and purchase a box of Dr. M'Lane's Pills, at the Drug Stores of Carter & Brother, or Barton & Perkins Erie. 49

☞ "WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY."—The remarkable success of this Balsam is no doubt owing in a great measure to the peculiarly agreeable and powerful nature of its ingredients. It is a fine HERBAL medicine—composed chiefly of Wild Cherry Bark and the genuine Iceland Moss, (the latter imported expressly for the purpose,) the rare medical virtues of which are also combined by a new chemical process with the Extract of Tar, thus rendering the whole compound the most certain and efficacious remedy ever discovered.

We do not wish to deceive the afflicted, or hold out any hopes of relief in this manner, but when so many hundreds publicly avow that they have been cured by skillful physicians as most hopeless cases have been cured, who can believe us for using every word and account of persuasion to induce the suffering invalid to lay aside prejudice, and partake of a remedy seldom known to fail?

Beware of counterfeits and base imitations See advertisement.

MARRIED.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. C. G. Stuebgen, Mr. LEWIS SNIDER to Miss BARBARA GABEL, both of this place.

On the 11th inst., by James Chambers, Esq., Mr ELIAS BAYLE, of McKean to Miss SARAH E. TALMAGE, of Greenfield.

On the 12th inst., by the same, Mr. GEORGE PARKER, to Miss ELIZA COBURN, of Wyoming county, N. Y.

On Thursday the 19th inst., by Rev. Henry Callahan, at Niagara Falls, J. GARDNER CALLAHAN and Miss MARIA S. JOHNS, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Johns of this city.

DIED.

On the 13th inst., WILLIAM CAMP, only son of Irvin and Sophia Camp of this city, in the 12th year of his age.

In this city on the 20th inst., Mr. JOHN CUMMINGS, aged 32 years 2 months and 21 days.

His funeral will take place on to-morrow, (Sunday,) at 10 o'clock, at his late residence on Seventh Street.

1849.

MILLINERY GOODS.

MRS. PRAY takes pleasure in informing her friends and the Public that she has just received her spring supply of Milinery and Fancy Goods, comprising every variety in her line.—Her Bonnets and Caps are of the most approved styles. Constantly on hand every variety of colored and white straws. Bonnets cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice and in the best manner. All orders for work promptly attended to, and a continuance of the patronage of her friends and the public generally is respectfully solicited. Her stand on State Street near the corner of fifth.

Erie, April 21, 1849 tf19

IN TOWN!

Now and Cheap Goods!!

C. B. WRIGHT very respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from the eastern cities and is now opening direct from New York and Boston, a very general assortment of *Spring and Summer Goods*, embracing a unusual variety of styles and patterns, and being selected and purchased under very favorable circumstances, he feels assured that he can offer very good inducements to purchasers of most kinds of goods at his corner, near the Court House.

Erie, April, 21. 49.

Ladies Fashionable Dress Goods,

A SPLENDID assortment, embracing all the New York and Eastern styles, to be found at C. B. WRIGHT'S.

Erie, April, 21. 49.

Ladies Hats for 1849.

50 DIFFERENT patterns of Ladies Bonnets just received, including the Palo Alto, (something new,) Russian Tulip, French Lace, white and colored Chips, Florence Braid, Jenny Lind, Misses Flats, &c., all of which are 50 per cent. cheaper than last season, at WRIGHT'S Corner.

Erie, April, 21.

CARPETINGS AND OIL CLOTHS.—A few choice patterns just received by C. B WRIGHT.

Erie, April, 21. 49.

NEW GOODS!

Received this day at the Empire Store.

32 Cases of Spring and Summer Goods of the latest fashions just Imported, and by far the richest styles of Goods ever offered in this market, which will be sold for Cash as low as at Buffalo or at any other place. Particulars hereafter.

Erie, April 21, 1849. H. CADWELL.

NO. 1, REEDS BLOCK,

Open for the Spring trade.

I AM now receiving from recent purchases my full stock of Spring Goods. "Every day brings something new."

Should any, I have many of the most decidedly beautiful DRESS GOODS to be found here or elsewhere, a stock of Shawls unsurpassed in beauty of style, Bonnets, Bonnet trimmings, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.

For the gentlemen I have a stock of CLOTHS that no one can beat, with a great variety of materials for summer wear; Gloves, Cravats, Hosiery, &c. And to the Public generally I would say, you can find in my stock a choice selection of all the varieties the market requires, in the line of Dry Goods. Also a good assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS-WARE, TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY, GROCERIES, and a small stock of HARDWARE.

These Goods have been bought at the *lowest cash, Auction and Commission house rates*, and without fear of contradiction I boldly assert that I will not be undersold for cash by any house in Erie, Importers, Jobbers or Retailers

Erie April 21, 1849. J. D. CLARK. 49

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that having leased the Store on the corner of Sixth and State streets, recently occupied by H. Cadwell, Reed House Row, will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of TIN, COPPER and SHEET IRON WARE. Also, particular attention and promptness will be given to all Jobbing in their line.

R. MIDDLETON,
A. M'SPARREN.

Erie, April 21, 1849. 49

NEWLY Imported Canton Crape Shawls, at prices varying from $6 to $30, received this day at No. 1 Commercial Exchange, French street. MOSES KOCH.

Erie, April 21, 1849.

JUSTICE'S TAILORING AND CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 1, Brown's Block, State steet, one door North of Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa,

On the Cash Principle.

THE subscriber has just opened for the Spring trade, with facilities unsurpassed by any establishment in this city, a large assortment of fine French English and American

Cassimeres, Cloths and Vestings,

which he has purchased at reduced prices, and which enables him to offer as good bargains as was ever before offered in this market. Persons wishing CLOTHING can have their measures taken, garments made and if not suited with them when done they will not be asked to take them away. Among his stock may be found a great assortment of

Ready made Clothing,

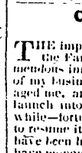
Consisting of Dress and Frock Coats, Sack Coats, Summer Coats, Pants, and Vests, Shirts and Drawers, Handkerchiefs and Suspenders, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Persons wishing to purchase Clothing for CASH will do well to call and examine goods and prices, as my Clothing are cut by myself and made in Erie, and are warranted to be as well made as any shop in Erie makes. The subscriber is determined to sell for Cash, which must be obvious to all men to be the only true method of doing a retail bussiness, protecting both seller and buyer against losses consequent upon the credit system.

☞ Custom Work and Cutting done on the most reasonable terms. No charge for showing Goods. Call and examine for yourselves. JOHN M. JUSTICE.

Erie, April 21, 1849.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

CLOTHING WELL MADE, AND CHEAP!



THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he continues the Tailoring business at his old stand on the diamond, a few doors east of the Erie Bank, where he may constantly be found ready to attend to the wants of his customers. He flatters himself, from his past endeavors, that he will be able to give universal satisfaction in his business, and that none will have just cause to complain, on the score of either neatness or punctuality. Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, &c., made to order with promptitude and warranted to fit well. He cordially invites those who may, from time to time have Clothing to make particularly young gentlemen who are desirous of always having a good fit, to give him a call, assuring them that he will be most happy to comply with their wishes.

Erie, April 21, 1849. JOHN GOULDING.

Proscription! Proscription!!

THE above is at this day by far the most general cry throughout our land. Scarce any one escapes its odium. Even General Taylor, that great and good man, is frequently accused of it. He, however, as often denies the charge as it is made, and boldly asserts that he "*removes for cause only.*"

The Subscribers have quite recently got out a NEW STOVE on the Reverberatory principle, which they call the KEYSTONE COOKING STOVE. Said Stove is so decided an improvement on all and every Stove heretofore made (having so many good qualities others are void of) that those engaged in the manufacture of a much inferior article have taken the alarm, and at once raise the cry of proscription, and expect by this to escape a general route. Such cry, however is a useless waste of the raw material. The editor has been issued—community claim the right to select the best Stove out! Hence the Keystone Stove must unavoidably remove all others, including Semi-its Patent. The verdict, however, will be, "Removed for cause only;" so we stand in a position similar to General Taylor, and as he is justified so shall we be.

A good assortment of other COOKING STOVES, including the celebrated Carpenter Stove, as well as the Genesee Farmer and Chieftain Air-tight Cook Stoves, Air-tight Parlor and Box Stoves—also Cauldron and Sugar Kettles of different sizes constantly on hand. In fact no better assortment of CASTINGS can be found elsewhere.

The attention of the public is also called to M'Millen's Improved PLOW—a new article, with cast-iron beam, manufactured by us and warranted. VINCENT, HIMROD & CO.

Erie, April 21, 1849. tf19

TO THE PUBLIC!

THE Subscriber having leased the Erie Flouring Mills, better known perhaps as Reed's Mill, would inform the public that he will do all kinds of grinding at the shortest notice. Thanking the public and his friends for their past favors, he would respectfully ask a continuance of their patronage, as he feels confident from his experience in the milling business, to be able to give good satisfaction. All kinds at bread-stuffs constantly on hand, and for sale cheap. Flour by the barrel or single pound to suit purchasers.

Cash paid for all kinds of grain delivered at the mill on Parade Street. CONRAD ZINN.

Erie, April 21, 1849. tf19

COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.

French Street, Erie, Pa., April 17, 1849.

THE impression is abroad that I have or am about to abandon the Fancy Goods and Silk Trade. It is a fact that the tremendous inroad that was made upon the afore mentioned branch of my business last summer, by the robbery, somewhat discouraged me, and I was for a while in a straight whether or no to launch into that trade. After pondering on the subject a good while—fortunate, happy community—I came to the determination to resume it. Consider for a moment what your situation would have been had I determined otherwise. One or two stores would have monopolized the business. To accomplish which end, Empire Block, keystone Block, or some other high sounding name, would have been flourished about your ears to draw attention, and ably and every means resorted to obtain notoriety. This would of course have been all perfectly right. All the the thunder, smoke and dust that can be evoked will amount to nothing, as this community are too enlightened to be deceived by such nonsense—they care nothing about names and locations, but resort to the places where richand fashionable goods are kept and sold at reasonable prices. Whatever may have been the consequences, in pursuance of the above determination, in my late visit to the cities of New York and Philadelphia, I purchased a very large quantity of the richest and most fashionable Dress Goods in market, including a great variety of the newest styles of Dress Silks. It is my intention hereafter to keep on hand the largest variety of Fancy Goods in town, and my past transactions I trust are a guaranty that prices will meet with the favor of my patrons, who are respectfully invited to call at the Commercial Exchange, where I am now receiving my new Spring and Summer Goods.

MOSES KOCH.

ORNAMENTAL SHADE TREES.

AT a meeting of the Burgess and Town Council of the borough of Erie, held in their Council Room April 6th, 1849, the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved, That any person or persons owning land in the said borough who have or shall plant, protect and cultivate in front of their lands along the public streets or highways, Ornamental Shade Trees, planted or to be planted in the year 1849, under the supervision of the Town Council of the said borough, or approved by them as to suitable kinds and places, and distances in planting, and shall cultivate, protect and preserve their growth and safety for three years from and after the date of this resolution, shall be entitled to a deduction from their borough tax on the lot or lots held by said person or persons planting and protecting such Shade Trees aforesaid, or twenty-five cents for every such Ornamental Shade Tree so planted and cultivated: Provided, however, that before such deduction of tax aforesaid the person planting trees as aforesaid shall procure a certificate from said Burgess and Council that such persons had complied with the true intent and meaning of this resolution, and that the same be published in the Erie papers. A true copy from the records

THOS. MOORHEAD, Jr. Town Clerk.

Erie, April 21, 1849. 3t19

I SHALL, in the course of a few days, receive a very large quantity of Cloths, Cassimeres and Summer Coatings, Carpetings, Oil Cloths, &c., &c.,

MOSES KOCH.

Erie, April 21, 1849. Commercial Exchange.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the improved farm on which he now resides, in Greene township, in the settlement known as "Yankee town." The farm contains about 100 acres, 70 of which are under cultivation. The improvements consist of a two-story farm dwelling, two frame barns, and sheds, together with all other out buildings necessary. There is also about 300 appletrees, mostly grafted, pears and peaches in abundance. The land is well watered and timbered, and situated in an excellent neighborhood, and convenient to market, it being only five miles from Erie. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

ASA WHITTIER.

Greene, April 14, 1849. 48

New Goods! New Goods!!

I AM just opening at No. 1 Reed House a choice selection of Spring and Summer Goods for the Ladies, consisting of beautiful styles of Linen and Cotton Gingham, Lawns, M De Laines and Prints. Also Shawls, White Kid and Lisle Thread Gloves, Laces, Edgings, French, Lawn, Handkerchiefs, Black Linen Thread and other goods too numerous to mention. All of which I respectfully invite you to call and examine. J. D. CLARK.

Erie, March 31, 1849

New Spring Goods by Express.

WE have this morning by Express from New York, the Spring styles of Mouslin de Laine, Linen Ginghams, Ginghams Lawns, Dearlotin Ginghams, French, English and American Prints of the latest patterns; al o, Irish Linens, Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, black Italian do. French Kid Gloves, Hair Combs colored and black Sewing Silk, rich black Satin Vestings, all of which will be sold cheap, at our old stand, Cheapside.

TIBBALS & DEWEY.

Erie, April 7, 1849. 47

Carpetings.

I HAVE just received a few pieces of All Wool, Cotton and Wool and Cotton Carpettings, to which the attention of buyers is respectfully solicited.

March, 31th J. D. CLARK,

On Hand for Spring Trade

WE have on hand a large and general assortment of WALL PAPER and Bordering, which was purchasing of the manufacturers expressly for the Spring trade, and which will be sold cheaper than ever.

March 31. GEO. SELDEN & SON.

To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie County.

THE petition of the subscriber humbly sheweth, that your petitioner is well provided with house room and other accommodation for entertaining of strangers and travelers, he would therefore pray your honors to grant him a license to keep a public tavern at his old stand in the borough of North East, and he will pray &c

DAVID ALLISON.

We the undersigned citizens of the Borough of North East do certify that we are all well acquainted with David Allison, the above petitioner, that he is a man of good repute for honesty and temperance, is well provided with house room and other accommodations for entertaining strangers and travelers, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to entertain strangers and travelers.

R. S. Brawley,	E. H. Davidson,	William Griffith.
John Bond,	Lemuel Brown,	R. Hills.
Nathaniel Norris,	S. S. Hammond,	B. C. Town,
John Greer,	William Jones	W. E. Ward,
Benjamin Histed,	W. B. Reddington,	H. Whallon.

North East, April 7, 1849. 3t47

To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie County.

THE petition of the subscriber humbly sheweth, that your petitioner is well provided with house room and other accommodations for entertaining strangers and travelers, he would therefore pray your honors to grant him a license to keep a public tavern at his old stand in the borough of North East, and he will pray &c

R. S. BRAWLEY.

We the undersigned citizens of the Borough of North East do certify that we are well acquainted with R. S. Brawley the above petitioner, that he is a man of good repute for honesty and temperance, is well provided with house room and other accommodations for entertaining strangers and travelers, that such inn or tavern is necessary to entertain strangers and travelers.

David Allison,	Lemuel Brown,	William Griffeth,
E. H. Davidson,	John Bond,	R. Hills.
H. H. Allison	Nathaniel Norris,	S. S. Hammond,
B. C. Town.	William Jones,	W. E. Ward,
Benjamin Histed,	W. B. Redington,	H. Wnallon,

Erie April 7, 1849 3t47

MONEY WANTED.

THE School Directors of the Borough of Erie, being authorized by Act to Assembly to borrow money for the purpose of finishing the School Houses recently erected, are desirous of borrowing the sum of One Thousand Dollars, for a term of 5 years, more than five, at the option of the lenders. Not less than two hundred dollars will be received from an individual. The board is authorized to secure the same by Bonds and Mortgages, and also to assess a tax each year of two hundred dollars over and above the usual assessment, for the sole purpose of paying the interests on said loan and creating a sinking fund, for its liquidation. The interests will be paid annually or sent annually, as desired by the lender, and the balance of the two hundred extra, assessment, after paying the interests, will be paid to the lenders, if desired, or invested, so as to secure the prompt payment of the loan, when due.

This presents a good opportunity to those having money of their own, or as trustees, guardians, &c. who are desireous of investing it in the most secure manner. The undersigned is authorized to contract for said loan. As this money is wanted immediately, those disposed to take he loan will please offer as soon as possible.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES W. KELSO, President.

Erie, March 31.

Sloan's Column.

☞ All the Medicines advertised by W. B. Sloan are sold by Merchants, Druggists, &c., in nearly every town in all the Western States, and by CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HORSE MEDICINE IN THE WORLD!

SLOAN'S OINTMENT AND CONDITION POWDER HAVE EARNED A GREAT NAME.

For Purity, Mildness, Safety Certainty and Thoroughness, SLOAN'S OINTMENT Excels:

AND is rapidly superseding all other Ointments and Liniments now in use for the cure of the following diseases.

Fresh Wounds, Galls of all kinds, Sprains, Bruises, Cracked Heels, Ringbone, Windbone, Windgalls, Poll Evil, Callus, Spavins, Sweeney, Fistula, Fistfast, Strains, Lameness, Sand Crack, Foundered Feet, Scratches of Grease Mange, or Horn Distemper.

THE POWDER will remove all inflamation and fever, purify the blood, loosen the skin, cleanse the water, and strengthen every part of the body; and has proved a sovereign remedy for the following diseases. Distemper, Hide bound, Loss of appetite, Inward strain, Yellow Water, Inflamation, of the eyes, Fatigue from hard exercise; also, Rheumatism, (commonly called stiff complaint,) which proves as fatal to many valuable horses in this country. It is also a safe and certain remedy for coughs and colds which generate so many fatal diseases.

Grand Depot, 40 Lake St., Chicago Illinois. W. B. SLOAN.

THE PROOF.

Extracts from the "Galena North Western Gazette."

BY the use of Sloan's Ointment and Condition Powder, I have entirely cured a Fistula on my horse and otherwise improved *his condition more than 500 per cent, on the cost of the medicine.* And a cow which *was so feeble as to be considered worthless* by myself and neighbors, was restored to good health and strength, by the use of less than half a package of the power, and is now doing better than any other cow I have. WM. VINCENT.

Small Pox, May 19, 1848.

THE SUFFERING CHILD.

I HEREBY certify that one of my children, when naked, fell into a large dire of live coa s, and was burned severely from head to feet. The best of medical said and attention was given to the child for four or five days without any relief—each day's suffering increased till his groans could be heard at a great distance, at which critical period one of my neighbors recommended and presented to me a box of SLOAN'S OINTMENT, and in less than fifteen minutes after the application of the Ointment to the aggravated sores of the suffering child, the pain ceased entirely, and he sweetly began to sleep. My residence is in Heit Township, Vermillion county, and State of Indiana.

THEODORE L. TAYLOR.

Dated at Chicago, August 24, 1848.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE.

APRIL 13th, 1848. Four miles north of Chicago (on the road to Milwaukie,) Cook County, Illinois.

Mr. Sloan—Dear Sir: One of my horses had a large bony tumor on his breast bone, immediately under the collar, which lamed him and rendered his services of very little value. I faithfully applied several bottles of Dr. Taylor's Nerve and Bone Liniment, without the least benefit. I then procured Wilder's Celebrated Horse Ointment, and used that until I became fully satisfied that it would never relieve the animal. Finally I obtained a box of your truly valuable Ointment, and in less than 60 days from the first application the tumor entirely disappeared, and the horse was well. Yours, EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

POPULAR OPINION.

IF popular opinion is any criterion of the worth of an article, we invite the incredulous to read at least a few of the, many voluntary certificates that appear in our columns respecting the great variety of remarkable cures effected by the use of "Sloan's Celebrated Ointment and Condition Powders."

These remedies no longer remain among those of doubtful utility, they have passed from the side of experiment, and now stand higher in reputation and are becoming more extensively used than all other articles of the kind.—*Mech. City News.*

THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD.

Fox River, June 12, 1848.

DR. Sloan—sir: Please send by the bearer a new supply of your Horse Medicines. They are the best articles of the kind that I have ever used, having been disappointed in their effect, as I have been in the use of others, even the most celebrated Ointments, Liniments, &c., of the day. I like very much this feature in them viz: that they do all that is promised, and upon a thorough trial one is constrained to add, that "half has not been told.

Respectfully, M. DUDLEY.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE ordinary ointments and liniments it is well known, are severe and partial in their operation. Sloan's Ointment is used yet thorough—it reaches and removes the cause, hence it gives real and permanent relief.

For purity, mildness, safety, certainty, and thoroughness, Sloans Ointment excels, and is rapidly superseding all other Ointments and Liniments now in use.

We Can't get along without it.

Beebe's Grove, Wilw. co., Ill., Oct. 21 1848.

Mr. Sloan—sir: I have tested the virtue of your Ointment in the cure of rattlesnake bites, sore throat, burns, and many other injuries, and in every case it has surpassed our expectations. As a family Ointment, I have never seen its equal, and for beasts we can't get along without it.

Yours, &c., MILES M. JOHNSON.

Excellent Ointment.

Mr. Sloan—Dear sir: For a considerble length of time I was seriously afflicted with the Rheumatic complaint, and applied freely the various liniments, pain-killers, &c., without obtaining any relief. After which your Agent at this place influenced me to try your Ointment, and within two weeks from the time I commenced I had all who are similarly afflicted with the distressing complaint, to procure your excellent ointment with out delay. Resp'y yours. OSCAR F. MOTT.

Princeville, Peoria co., May 1, 1848.

☞ From the H. V. S. Brooks, Agent of the Illinois and Michigan Canal Packet Boat Company.

Chicago, June 24, 1849.

DR. W. B. Sloan—Dear sir: For the last 3 years I have had occasion to use many horses, and have never found anything equal to your Ointment for injuries on horses. Within the last two months I have applied your Ointment to some 80 horses, for various injuries, and in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy.

A Finger Bitten Entirely off.

DR. Sloan—SIR: On the 8th inst. one of my son had a finger bitten entirely off by a horse. We immediately applied your celebrated Ointment, which relieved him of pain in a few minutes, and prevented the finger from swelling the least particle, and the wound is healing rapidly.

Respectfully Yours. S. BROCKWAY.

DOCTERING IN GALENA.

DR. SLOAN:—Dear Sir: about three years ago I was severely injured in one of my legs by the falling of a pile of wood which occasioned large running ulcers. Nearly every doctor in Galena tried to cure them; but tried in vain, until from sympathy and improper treatment my other leg became as bad as the one originally wounded. I despaired of ever being well again—but in order that I might neglect no means within my reach, I purchased of your agent in Galena some of your Ointment, and you can judge of my surprise and gratitude better than I can express it, to find myself entirely well before I had finished using the second box.

These facts I make known that others afflicted may believe and not delay using so valuable an Ointment as yours has proved to be. Respectfully, your grateful friend, EVAN DAVIS.

Galena, Ill., Dec. 19, 1848.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE public are cautioned against purchasing any article from N. T. COBY, of Little Fort, Ill., purporting to have been prepared by me, as, hereafter, I will not supply said Coby with any Ointment, Condition Powder or Tannin Paste, in consequence of his having got up articles in *imitation* of mine, and advertising them in the name of his clerk, BOWMAN, and representing himself as wholesale and retail agent for the same. W. B. SLOAN.

Chicago, Feb. 9th, 1849.

ONLY 20 DAYS.

Before the following order, Messrs. Vaughn & Co., purchased a large supply of Sloan's preparations.

Jackson, Michigan, Feb., 24th, 1849.

S. K. Hibbard—Dear sir: I am out of *Sloan's Condition Powder and horse Ointment.* The sale far exceeds my expectation. If you can manage to send me 4 dozen of the Powders, and 2 dozen Ointment, I will pay for them the first time you are here, and presume I shall be able to sell a large quantity in the course of a year. It will be an object to you, as well as to myself, to keep me constantly supplied. Very Respectfully Yours,

S. S. VAUGHN & Co.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

St. Louis, Missouri, February 22d, 1849.

DR. W. B. Sloan—SIR: About two years ago, while rafting on the Mississippi river, and by the raft dashed against a rock, crushing my leg and otherwise seriously injuring me, so much that I lost all sensibility. When consciousness returned I found myself in St. Louis, surrounded by my weeping family. Good nursing and medical aid, enabled me in about two months to hobble around with the assistance of a crute. The wounds only partially healed, leaving large running sores at the knee, which for many months discharged blood and matter of the most offensive character. My pains were interpressible, at times my suffering was so great that death would have received a hearty welcome. Fortunately Mr. Wilson, (one of my neighbors) advised me to try your Ointment. I obtained a box and applied it according to direction—the sore soon began to assume a healthy appearance, and in three months I was entirely cured, and able to endure hard labor.

Your Obd't. Servant, HIRAM W. THOMAS.

We the undersigned, neighbors of H. W. Thomas, were acquainted with the case above stated and knowing the circumstances, most cheerfully confirm said Thomas' statement.

REV. J. DOUGLASS,
JAMES WILSON,
PETER LAMB.

GOOD JUDGES.

Du Buque, Iowa, March, 15th, 1849.

MR. W. B. Sloan—Dear sir: Last February 18th, near Mount Morris, Illinois, I had a horse wounded in the stifle joint, so deep that the joint water issued freely, many good judges of horses gave it as their opinion that the horse would never recover. I applied your Ointment freely and often, and notwithstanding, the animal could scarcely bear any weight on the diseased leg, yet in consequence of pressing business, I ventured to start with the horse on my return to Du Buque, a distance of some 100 miles, just at the breaking up of streams, through which I was obliged to ford and expose the leg and wound of the horse to frequent drenchings of water, snow and deep mud, still the horse continued to improve. One 50 cent box of your extraordinary ointment entirely cured the horse in less than 20 days. Yours, truly,

F. W. BOWDON.

To Whom it may Concern.

IN consequence of having made a few small presents, a report has gone out that at my Depot, I retail my preparations for less than the price on the labels, therefore, I am induced to notify the public that hereafter it is my settled determination not to make any presents of the preparations, to either new or old customers, and ever as heretofore, retail and wholesale to all alike, and not permit my traveling agents to vary from this rule.

Dated at Chicago, Ill., March 19th, 1849.

W. B. SLOAN.

Erie April, 21, 1849. 49tf

Selling off at Cost.

THE undersigned offer their entire Stock of Books, Stationary, and Paper Hangings at Cost. W. E. HEWSON & CO.

Erie, March 31, 1849. 46

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post office Erie, Pa., April 1st 1849. Persons calling for any of the following letters will please say they are advertised. Two cents "the cost of advertising" is charged in addition to the regular Postage.

Abel J W or M F	Gough Richard	Peats Manuel
Ayers James O	Gansmer John	Porter James
Arbuckle William	Graham Wm	Pollock Samuel
Brown James	Hamilton Jane	Peck Charles S
Brogan James	Hause John	Potter & Co Messrs G W
Braddock Ransom W	Harry Daneal	Pierce Elias
Brige Charles	Hall Caroline E	Peck Zalmen For
Brown James	Hays Thos	H Farmer
Brace Edmond	Hamilton Miss Margaret M	Pomeroy Mrs Lydia
Brown Wm or Stephen	Henderson A B	Potter Thomas
Bradshaw Wm George	Hess John	Radle George
Brock David	Haris Samuel 2	Redda Martin 2
Bradish William	Hastings Mrs Arabelle L	Richardson Robert
Brown George S	Haskins J W 2	Ruppart Jacob
Brown John M	Hill Mrs Mary Ann	Rastatter Mrs Mary
Buttery J	Hinton Stephen	Raymour Miss Adelia M
Bevins George H	Henderson Reuben	Riblet William
Birchard Delia	Holstin Samuel	Randall S W
Barney Mrs Olive E	Horey Daniel	Randall S W
Bills Elizah	Heiris Miss Francis	Ren Johnston
Baker Wm H	Hall H	Tubbs William R
Banister Mr	Harris Albert	Riddell Robert
Bernard Henry	Hayner Kensler	Rice Mr
Baker Mrs C E	Herrington Reuben	Richards Capt Edw.
Bakrel Nicholas	Hamman Mrs Sylvia Ann	Richardson G W
Barton I & L	Hayt Mr H	Randall George A
Billy Charles	Hays Armanda J	Rhodes Miss F E
Beken Mrs A M	Hackman John W	Roberts Even
Bennett & C	Hall Nicholas R	Robbins Wm N
Begley M H	Hall Nicholas	Russell R N
Baker Charles	Haskins Reynaldo	Rimpton George
Beaver Mrs Elizabeth	Hawes Addison	Ramsey Bronson C
Bowers Isaac	Harmon Robert	Roe Henry
Butts Daniel 2	Haggerty James	Robinson Mrs Emiline
Botinelle Joseph	Harvey Daniel	Rodgers John L
Burger Jonas	Hobbs William	Rockenstyre Charl D
Boylan James B	Hughson Robert	Robinson John
Butts C C	Hughson William 2	Smith John Mesve
Crane Wm A 2	Hurley John	Smith John W
Crane Orvill	Huffman David	Shepp Miss Susan
Crooks George	Hummer George	Snyder Jacob 2
Crosman H F 2	Holmes Ebenezer	Shant Richard
Clinkenbroomer E	Hunter D C	Smith Jasper
Crooks David	Hurst Miss Ellen	Smith Charles
Clough Miss Parthia A	Jones & Constable	Scott Peter J
Crandall Marcus H	Jackson Mrs James.	Scott Mrs Sarah Jane
Clark A M	Jackson A W	Smiley Jno
Cross Felix	Johnson Theodore	Shepherd J B
Clark Thomas Henery	Jones Ephraim	Smith Miss Julia Ann
Crane A W	Jones Patrick H 2	Slocum Richard
Charles George	Jackson Nathan	Spaulding Almon M
Caughlin Edward	Jackson James	Shaffer Mrs Nancy Ann
Cameron M	Johnson Ira S	Sheck Michael
Campbell D P	Jones David	Swann John
Carter John 2	Jackson Miss Sarah	Swift Mrs E P
Chadwick Mrs Caroline	Jones John	Shank Henry
Cathcart Hugh	Kneeland E Y	Stober Catherine
Carpenter Keziah	Kelso Albert J	Steele James
Cass John	Kelly Dennis	Stills Thomas
Cadey Mrs Miranda	Kent Miss Elizabeth	Stewart Alexander
Caldwell Wilson	King Robert M	Simms Isaac
Coats Mr	Kelsey Ebenezer	Sanford Wm
Caldwell James	Kendig Miss Susan	Savallier Moses
Cowgill Jos	Leland W	Suard Alfred
Corriston Henry	Lauden A C	Southard Allen
Culbertson Andrew	Lord James	Sisson Jud.h
Cowgill J C	Lilly Samuel	Sawrige F
Cunningham Edward	Lapham Dr	Tailor John
Cooke Mrs Mary E	Lewis Miss Jane E	Terry T M
Curtiss J C Jr	Liddell John	Thomas Mrs Mary
Cole Erastus	Long Sand G	Thomas Archibald
Davis Capt D	Lover Daniel	Taggart Christopher
Diffenbach Mrs Levina	Liddell Robert	Town C
Dewolf Hiram	Lord Henry	Towen Frederick
Deedley John	Long John	Taylor Charles
Dutley John	Luther J B	Taylor John
Diffenbach Henry	Love Daniel 2	Thompson V Nor V M
Dillon Jehue	Leach Jacob	Tubbs William R
De Roy J F	Lytle James	Vaneuren C
Dighton Miss Harriet	Lavery Joseph	Vozburg Leander
Deighan Luke	Lawrence Daniel	Vozburg Geo
Dixon Wm	McClure Thomas	Voorhees Solomon
Davis John F	McNit Ben J C	Vandyne Henry
Diffenbach C F	McConnell Albin	White Mrs Lucy
Douds James 4	McFarland Mr	Wheeler Jedediah R
Dow L H	McBeth Newton	Webster John
Downer Miss Polly	Mackrey Miss Hannah	Wright F H
Dunn Emmett	Marshall Joseph G	Whittier Asa
Dutton Edward	Mellin Charles 2	Wagner John W
Dudley Abner	Minegar Low	Wilson Rob rt M 2
Ellison T H 2	Miller George	Wade John B
Englehart C	Mattis Albert	Wagner Samuel
Foley Mary	Martin A	Wilkins Benjamin 2
Fassett A P	Mixsell Jr & Co Mess's	Webster John
Fross John 5	Miller Eli	Wilkins John M 2
Fidtler Samuel J	Marres

GO AND ASK MY MOTHER.

You have told me many a time, and oft,
That I was fair and comely;
My eyes were bright, my tresses soft,
When other girls were homely.
"She's quite too young to know her will,"
The folks say to each other;
But—if you truly love me still—
Why—go and ask my mother.

I've seen you dance with city girls,
And flirt with country cousins;
Praise Julia and her raven curls,
And glances throw by dozens.
I thought it very strange, and vowed
I'd look out for an other;
But when you smiled, my anger bowed,
So—go and ask my mother.

I'm told there's cares in married life,
That all the joy is in courting;
When young men have secured a wife,
They say their vows are sporting.
I won't believe what old maids say,
If you won't choose an other:
You've bothered me so much to-day—
Do—go and ask my mother.

THE YANKEE'S FOX SKIN.

"Mornin,' Squire!" said "down-east," giving a nod and a wink to Lyman and Towle, as these gents stood in their store in Boston one morning, "up and dressed" for buisness.

"How are you, sir?" said the merchants.

"Pooty well *con*-siderin the state of things in gineral. I say, you sell skins here, don't you?"

"We do, occasionally," was the response.

"Well, so I calkelated; buy fox skins teou, I reckon?"

"Sometimes. Why, have you got some for sale?"

"Some? Ye-s, guess I have *one*; its *some*, teou, I tell yeou."

"Let's look at it," says one of the merchants. The owner of the skin tugged at the capacious pockets of his old "yaller" over-coat, a few minutes, and out came a pretty considerable, sizeable *bang-up* of a venerable reynard.

"There it is—a perfect bewty it is, too. Ain't it?"

"Seen many finer ones," says Towle.

"Praps yeou hev, and praps yeou haint; but I deou think it's a rale bewty—slick and shiny as a bran new hat."

"When did you get this skin?" says the merchant.

"When did I get it? Why, when I killed the darn'd critter, of course."

"Yes, we know, but was it in the Fall or Summer, or when?"

"Oh! yes; well, I reckon, 'twar'nt far from 4th July, any way, for I'd jest clean'd up my shootin' piece, fur p'rade on the glorious aniversity, and along comes the old critter, and I jest him a rip in the gizzard that settled his hash mighty sudden, I tell yeou."

"Fox skins," said the merchant' are not very good when taken in hot weather; the fur and hair is thin and not fit for much in Summer."

"Well, neow I reckon, since I come to think it over, 'awar'nt 'hot weather when I shot the critter; no, I'll be darn'd if it was; made a thunderin' mistake 'beout that, fur I and Seth Peutkins wur goin' to a frolic, I remember it like a book, cold as sixty, snowin' awful, was by ginger!"

"Well," says the merchant, "was the fox very fat?"

"Fa-t! O! Molly, war'nt it fat! Never did see such a fat feller in all my born days. Why yeou, the fa-t come clean through the critter's hide, run down his legs, 'till the very ninth was greasy where the darn'd varmint crawled areound. Did, by peunkins!"

"Too fat, then, we guess, to be good," said Towle.

"Fat skins, sir, are not so good as those taken from an animal not more than ordinary fat."

"Well, guess 'twar'nt so *darn'd* fat, nuther; come to think abeout it, 'twas another fox our Siah shot last Fall; *this* old critter war'nt so *darn'd* fat, not overly fat—fact I guess, *it was very-ther poor; kind of lean*, tree-meuius lean; poor old varmint was about to die of pure starvation; never did see such darn'd eternal starved, lean, lank, famished live critter, on the lord's yearth before!"

"Very poor, eh?" says Lyman.

"Very poor! I guess it was; so almighty poor, that the old critter's bones stuck clean eout, almost threogh his skin; hadn't killed it jest when I did, it would died afore it got ten rods further along. Fact by golly!"

"Ah! well," says the merchant, "we see the skin is poor, very poor; the fur is thin and loose, and would not suit us."

"Wunt suit yeou? Neow look ahere*eou*m" says the Yankee, folding up his *versatile* skin, "I don't kind o'like *sich* dealing as that, no heow, and I'll be darn'd to darnation if you catch me in tradin' fox skins with *yeou* agin, there aint no lumber in the State o' Maine!" And the holder of the skin vamosed.—*Aurora Borealis.*

ALL THE DECENCY.—We have been informed by a friend in whom we have confidence, that a scene occurred at Washington, on the day of the Inauguration of President Taylor, which shows up that party which lays claim to "all the decency," in a very proper manner. On the return of the carriage which conveyed Mr. Polk to the Irving House, a crowd blocked up the way which led from the carriage to the house; a passage was soon made, and while Mr. Polk was passing through, many of the fora of which the crowd was sprinkled, were heard to say, "Ah, he's polked out, let him go home, no one regrets it, the old scoundrel," &c., thus venting their petty spite in tones loud enough to be heard by him for whom they were intended. If there is anything contemptible in this world of ours, it is such conduct; it is more becoming the denizens of pandemonium, than those who claim to be Americans. Let Federalism hold its peace concerning "all the decency" while a large body of that arty is composed of such things as those just described. —*Argus*

IDLENESS.—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness. With men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much for the want of strength, as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop, by continual falling bores its passage through the hardest rock, the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar and leaves no trace behind.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A STRANGE ANIMAL.—Col. Fremont has, recently despatched to Corpus Christi an extraordinay animal, which his party succeeded in capturing, after three days' chase, in the neighbourhood of the River Gila. A letter received from one of Col. Fremont's party, by a merchant at St. Louis, describes it as an animal resembling a horse in every particular, except that it iscompletely covered with a close curly wooll, resembling camel's hair in color, and the fineness of its texture. It has no mane and its tail is like an elephant's. The animal possesses wonderful agility, leaping over obstructions ten feet high with all ease.

☞ A club of women in Paris, who contend for the widest liberty, and the most extended rights, have a code of by laws. One of the articles runs in this wise: "any young woman who finds herself married to a man *fifty years* of age, shall have a perfect right to swap him off for two of *twenty five* years each."

☞ "Dad who is this *San Francisco* that's gittin' all the gold out there in Californey—he must be the richest fellow in all them diggings."

"Why, Jhonney, I rather think he's some sorter relaton to the *San Jacinto* who was killed in the war in Texas by Gen. Sam Houston.

HOW FRENCHY.—A courteous Frenchman in reply to a question why women were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said, that to be a member it was requisite to be forty years old, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady could reach that unseemly age.

☞ A mother admonishing his son, a lad of about 7 years of age, told him never defer till tomorrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

LIFE-LIKE.—The Philadelphia Galaxy says an artist in that city painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage!

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER

IS PUBLISHED

BY B. F. SLOAN,

CORNER OF STATE ST. AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE,

ERIE, PA.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

City subscribers by the carrier, at $2,00
By mail, or at the office, in advance, 1,50
☞ If not paid in advance, or within three months from the time of subscribing, two dollars will be charged.
☞ All communications *must* be post paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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One square " "	10,00
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do. do. three months,	3,00

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☞ Yearly advertisers have the privilege of changing at pleasure, but at no time are allowed to occupy more than two squares, *and to be limited to their immediate business.*
Advertisements not having other directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

H. B. HAVERSTICK,
No. 2, Reed House. Dealer in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, &c.

T. W. MOORE,
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c., No 6, Poor People's Row, State street, Erie.

J. GOALDING,
MERCHANT TAILOR, South side of the Public square, a few doors East of the Erie Bank.

ALFRED KING,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL dealer in Groceries, Boat Stores, Provisions, and Pittsburgh manufactured articles; No. 2, Fleming Block, and 7th street, Canal Basin, Erie, Pa.

W. H. CUTLER,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, (Office in Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.
Collecting and commercial business will receive prompt attention.
REFERENCES.—A. P. DURLIN, Esq., BENJAMIN GRANT, Esq.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
orwarding & Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, east of State street.
Coal, Salt, Plaster and White Fish, constantly for sale.

J. H. WILLIAMS,
Banker and Exchange Broker. Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Drafts, certificates of Deposite, Gold and silver coin, &c., &c. Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie, Pa.

WILCOX & CO.,
DEALERS in Groceries of various kinds, Provisions, Fruits, Candies, Wines, Liquors, &c., opposite Eagle Hotel, next door to Williams' Exchange.

BENJAMIN F. DENNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Cleveland, Ohio—Office on Superior st'eet, in Atwater's Block. Refer to Chief Justice Parker, Cambridge Law School; Hon. Richard Fletcher, 19 State st., Boston; Hon. Samuel H. Perkins, 131 Walnut st., Philadelphia; Richard H. Kimball, Esq., 52 Wall street, New York. For testimonials, refer to this office.

GALBRAITHS & LANE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW—Office on Sixth street, west side of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

J. B. JOHNSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office in the County Building, up stairs, Erie.

JAMES C. MARSHALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building, north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

I. ROSENZWEIG & Co.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, ready made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c., No. 1, Fleming Block, State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & DEWEY,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, &c., No. 111, Cheapside, Erie.

HENRY CADWELL,
DEALER in Hardware, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., north side of the Diamond, and one door east of the Eagle Hotel, Erie.

A. H. HITCHCOCK,
DEALER in Groceries and Provisions of all kinds, State street, three doors north of the Diamond, Erie.

BENJAMIN GRANT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Commissioner of Deeds, Office in Tammany Hall, second story, six doors west of J. H. Williams' corner, Erie.

SMITH JACKSON,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens Ware, Lime, Iron, Nails, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM RIBLET,
CABINET MAKER Upholster, and Undertaker, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie.

JOSEPH KELSEY,
MANUFACTURER of Tin, Copper Sheet-iron ware, Air Tight stoves, Stove pipe, &c., corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

KELSO & LOOMIS,
GENERAL Forwarding, Produce and Commison Merchants; dealers in coarse and fine salt, Coal, Plaster, Shingles, &c. Public dock, west side of the bridge, Erie.
LEWIS J. KELSO. W. W. LOOMIS.

WM. M. GALLAGHER,
GENERAL Forwarding and Commission Merchant, and dealer in Salt, Plaster, &c., Warehouse on the Public Dock west of the bridge, Erie.

WALKER & COOK,
GENERAL Forwarding, Commission and Produce Merchants; Second Ware-house east of the Public Bridge, Erie.

G. LOOMIS & Co.
DEALERS in Watches, Jewelry, Silks &c., Gilt and Silver Plated Goods, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie.
G. LOOMIS. T. M. ADAMS

CARTER & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE and Retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

EAGLE HOTEL,
By HIRAM L. BROWN, corner of State street and the Public square, Erie, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

JOEL JOHNSON,
DEALER in Theological, Miscellaneous, Sunday and Classical School Books, Stationary, &c. No. 111, French street, Erie.

LYTLE & HAMILTON,
FASHIONABLE Merchant Tailors, on the public square, a few doors west of State street, Erie.

L. WARREN,
SASH, Blind and Door Manufacturer, and dealer in glass, south east corner of 6th and State streets, Erie.

D. S. CLARK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship Chandlery, Stone-ware, &c. &c., No. 112, French street, Erie.

O. D. SPAFFORD,
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary, Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentrifice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

NOSES KOCH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Ready Made Clothing, &c., Commercial Buildings, corner of French and Fifth streets, Erie.

S. DICKERSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office at his residence on Seventh street, opposite the Methodist Church, Erie.

C. B. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass-ware, Iron Nails Leather, Oils, &c., corner of State street and the public square, opposite the Eagle Hotel, Erie

LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER,
IRON FOUNDERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c. State street, Erie.

BURTON & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Groceries, &c. No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

W. P. FATTIMORE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over the Erie Bank.

ROBERT S. HUNTER,
DEALER in Hats, Caps and Furs of all descriptions. No. 10, Park Row, Erie, Pa.

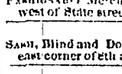
New Goods.

WE have this day received by express, a nice assortment of French Merino, Silk, Mohair, Thibet cloth, Cashmere and Mous de Laine &c., at TIBBALS & DEWEY'S.
Erie, Oct. 6, 1848.

EXCHANGE OFFICE.

J. H. WILLIAMS, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Bills of exchange, Certificates of deposite, Gold and Silver coin, will buy and sell current and uncurrent money, negotiate time and sight drafts, make collections on all the Eastern cities, and make remittances at the lowest Banking rates.
Money received on Deposite and Eastern drafts constantly on hand at the lowest rates of premium.
Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania Bank notes, and those of most other States, bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
Office directly opposite the Eagle Hotel, 2 doors from the corner, Erie, July 1, 1848.

MEDICAL WORKS.



JUST received from the publishers, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, a large assortment of Medical Works, which will be sold at the publishers prices; among which will be found:

Bartlett on Fevers,	Budd on Liver,
Boyle's Materia Medica and	Therapeutics,
Churchill's Midwifery,	Churchill on Females,
Ashwell on Females,	Cooper on Hernia,
Condie on Children,	Jones on the Eye,
Dewee's Midwifery,	Dewees on Children,
Dunglesh's new Remedies,	Dunglesn's Practice,
Liston & Mutter's Surgery,	Miller's Principles,
Miller's Practice,	Phillips on Scrofula,
Prouton the Stomach,	Taylor's Med. Jurisprudence,
Wilson on the Skin,	Wilson's Dissector,
Cyclopedia of Medicine,	Williams' respiratory organs,
Youatt on the Horse,	Clater, Farrier, &c., &c.

The subscriber is agent for Lea & Blanchard, and will order any Medical, Literary or Miscellaneous works desired, and furnish them to Publishers prices. Physicians, students and others are requested to call and examine his catalogue.
Erie, June, 19, 1848. O. SPAFFORD.

30 DOZEN Paint and Varnish Brushes, and 6 doz. Whitewash Brushes, by Nov. 6, CARTER & BROTHER.

ALE.—30 bbls, best Pittsburgh—Geo. W. Smith & Co's. brand—for sale by A. KING.

LADYS KID BUSKINS, Ties, Half, and whole Gaiters, Morocco walking shoes, slips, &c., at S. JACKSON'S.
Nov 4. 23

TEAS.—Young Hyson, Gunpowder, and Black Teas for sale by (Nov. 4.) S. JACKSON.

SODA BISCUIT.

A FRESH supply of Spencer's (Buffalo) Soda Biscuit, just received and for sale at No. 1, Perry Block by
Erie, May 12, 1848. T. W. MOORE.

EDGE TOOLS.—Those that wish to find a good Ax, Adz, Broad Ax, any kind of Augur, Plain Irons, &c. cheap and warranted, can find them at WRIGHT'S Corner.

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all
NERVOUS DISEASES,

And of those Complaints which are caused by an impaired, weakened or unhealthy condition of the
NERVOUS SYSTEM.

This beautiful and convenient application of the mysterious powers of GALVANISM and MAGNETISM, has been pronounced by distinguished physicians, both in Europe and the United States, to be the *most valuable medicinal discovery of the age.*

Dr. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT
and
MAGNETIC FLUID,

is used with the most perfect and certain success in all cases of

GENERAL DEBILITY,

Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system. Also in
FITS, CRAMP, PARALYSIS AND PALSY,
Dyspepsia or Indigestion,
RHEUMATISM, Acute and Chronic, GOUT, EPILEPSY, LUMBAGO, DEAFNESS, NERVOUS TREMORS, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, NEURALGIA, PAINS in the SIDE and CHEST,
Liver Complaint,
SPINAL COMPLAINT, and CURVATURE of the SPINE, HIP COMPLAINT, DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, DEFICIENCY OF NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL ENERGY,
and all
Nervous Diseases,

which complaints arise from one single cause, namely,

A Derangement of the Nervous System.

☞ In NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, Drugs and Medicines *increase the disease*, for they weaken the vital energies of the already prostrated system; while under the strengthening, life-giving, vitalizing influence of Galvanism, as applied by this beautiful and wonderful discovery, the exhausted vitality and wasted energies are restored to former health, strength elasticity and vigor.

The great peculiarity and excellence of

Dr. Christie's Galvanic Curatives,

consists, in the fact that they arrest and cure disease by *one and application*, in place of the usual mode of drugging and physicking the patient, till exhausted Nature sinks hopelessly under the infliction.

They *electrify the whole system, equalize the circulation of the blood, promote the secretions, and never do the slightest injury under any circumstances.* Since their introduction in the United States, only three years since, more than

60,000 Persons

including all ages, classes and conditions, among which were a large number of ladies, who are peculiarly subject to Nervous Complaints, have been

ENTIRELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED,

when all hope of relief had been given up, and every thing else been tried in vain!

To illustrate the use of the GALVANIC BELT, suppose the case of a person afflicted with that bane of existence, DYSPEPSIA, or any other Chronic or Nervous Disorder. In ordinary cases, stimulants are taken, which by their action on the nerves and muscles of the stomach afford *temporary* relief, but which leave the patient in a lower state, and with injured faculties; after the action thus excited has ceased. Now compare this with the effect resulting from the application of the GALVANIC BELT. Take a Dyspeptic sufferer, even in the worst stage of an attack, and simply to the Belt around the body, using the Magnetic Fluid as directed. In a short period the insensible perspiration will act on the positive element of the Belt, thereby causing a Galvanic circulation which will pass on to the negative, and thence back again to the positive, thus keeping up a continuous Galvanic circulation throughout the system. Thus the most severe cases of DYSPEPSIA are PERMANENTLY CURED. A FEW DAYS IS OFTEN AMPLY SUFFICIENT TO ERADICATE THE DISEASE OF YEARS.

Certificates and Testimonials

From the most Respectable Sources,

Could be given, sufficient to fill every column in this paper We make a few selections.

RHEUMATISM AND DYSPEPSIA.
Seven Cases Cured!!!
In one Village.

CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC BELT will cure every case, no matter how severe or chronic. Skeptics are referred to the following.

A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

No. 1.

The following letter is from Mr. Alonzo D. Felter, of Kingston, N. Y., a gentleman of high respectability and KINGSTON, Ulster Co., N. Y., Jan. 24, 1848

To Dr. A. H. CHRISTIE—

About the first of November last I called at your office and purchased one of your Galvanic Belts, and I am happy to say that it has made a new man of me. For years I have been troubled with RHEUMATISM, very severe, and a *general weakness of the whole system, and very nervous*, with pain in the head, so severe that I would have to take to my bed three or four times a day. My friends are astonished at the perfect and wonderful cure wrought on me. I never was better in my life than now, and I know that this is altogether owing to your GALVANIC BELT, for I had had the best physicians, and had tried every thing previous to using it, without effect.

Very respectfully, ALONZO D. FELTER.

☞ In consequence of the benefits experienced by himself, Mr FELTER procured a number of the GALVANIC BELTS, and having disposed of them among his friends, thus writes:

No. 2.

KINGSTON, May 6, 1848.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

You ask me to give you an account of the success of your GALVANIC BELTS in the region. I can truly say that they continue to do wonders; hundreds wear them, and *I do not know of a solitary case of failure.* I sold a Belt and the Magnetic Fluid to a lady here some weeks since. She had a complication of nervous disorders, and was very low. Dr Nelson attended her, but did her no good; and the Doctor blew out considerably when she got the Belt, and ridiculed it; *but the lady used the Belt and was cured.* Now this Doctor had the Dyspepsia for a great while, and could not cure himself, but gets this lady's Belt, wishes it kept a secret, puts it on himself, and it did him so much good, that yesterday he called on me and got one for his wife.

No 3.

Miss VANDEMARK, of this town, lay all winter with the Rheumatism. She got to be perfectly helpless. Every one who saw her said she could not live. She sent for a GALVANIC BELT, put it on—used the Fluid freely, and on EIGHT DAYS SHE WENT OUT VISITING, AND IS TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK! The Doctor who attended Miss V., hooted at the Belt, but now says there is certainly a remarkable curative power in your Belts.

No. 4.

Mr. John Eman, merchant of this place, was reduced to a mere skeleton, by Dyspepsia and general chronic disease; he got a Belt and the Fluid, and *is now as healthy a man as we have got in Kingston.* He has spent large sums of money in various nostrums previously, but they all proved useless.

No 5.

An old gentleman by the name of Newkirk, *had the Dyspepsia for thirty years.* He tells me that he could not eat any thing without its rising on his stomach; he was very much emaciated and looked miserable; but he purchased a Belt from me, and after wearing it 3 or 4 weeks, he drove up to the door and had come to thank me for selling him CHRISTIE'S BELT, as it had made a well man of him. He says that he now eats and digests perfectly, and that he is as hearty as any of his neighbors. He is about 60 years of age.

No. 6.

Mr. Wood, of Marbletown, was drawn up with Cramp and Rheumatism, so that he could not move. His brother got a Belt for him, and in one week he was so well that he was about attending to his business. He says it *is the greatest thing on earth.*

No. 7.

The wife of Mr. Joseph King, of Kingston, has been complaining of lassitude and general weakness for several years, and also troubled with indigestion. She got the Belt and Fluid, and Mr. King told me this day, that his wife was like another woman, it had done *her* so much good. I could give you a great many more cases, equally successful, but I suppose these will be sufficient. I may say that I never was engaged in any business that has been so fortunate and satisfactory to all concerned.

Very truly yours, ALONZO D. FELTER.

To A. H. CHRISTIE, M. D., New-York.

☞ Many hundred Certificates from all parts of the country of equally extraordinary character could be given.
☞ No trouble or inconvenience attends the use of *DR. CHRISTIE'S GALVANIC ARTICLES*, and they may be worn by the most feeble and delicate with perfect ease and safety. In many cases the sensation attending their use is *highly pleasant and agreeable.* They can be sent to any part of the country.

Prices:

The Galvanic Belt,	Three Dollars.
The Galvanic Necklace,	Two Dollars.
The Galvanic Bracelets,	One Dollar Each.
The Magnetic Fluid,	One Dollar.

☞ The articles are accompanied by full and plain directions. Pamphlets with full particulars may be had of the authorized Agent.

PARTICULAR CAUTION.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits and Worthless Imitations*

D. C. MOREHEAD, M. D.,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES,
183 Broadway, New York.

For sale in Erie, only by the authorized agents
CARTER & BROTHER, No. 6, Reed House.
Erie, Dec. 16, 1848. 1y31

New Books.

HISTORY of the Purchase and Settlement of Western New York. And of the rise, progress and present state of the Presbyterian Church in that section. By Rev. James H. Hotchkin, Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation; a Book for the times. By an American citizen.
Thankfulness; a narrative comprising passages from the Diary of the Rev. Allan Temple. By Charles B. Taylor. For sale by
Oct. 20. W. E. HEWSON & CO.
No. 8. Reed House.

Ladies Dress and Cloak Goods.

CONSISTING of Cashmere, Mous de Lanes, black, striped, plaid and shaded Alpaccas, French Merino, silk plaid Madonas, Mohair lustre, &c., &c. just opened at
Erie, Oct 16, 1848. GEO. SELDEN & SON'S.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

The Great Remedy for Consumption of the Lungs, Affections of the Liver, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pains or Weakness of the Breast, or Lungs, Chronic Cough, Pleurisy, Hemorrhage of the Lungs and all other diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

Important Caution.

Beware of a *base counterfeit* of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, signed by one Wm. M. Spear, who, in order to palm his vile imitation upon the public, has obtained a *fac simile* of our bottle, and copied our label of directions *verbatim*, substituting his own name for that of Henry Wistar, M. D, which is found on the genuine

Remember, the outside label or wrapper of the genuine Balsam is a finely executed steel plate engraving, bearing the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D, and Sanford & Park—none other can be genuine.

ANOTHER INVALID RESTORED TO HEALTH.

(Read the following statement of facts from Mr Eli Bailey, a highly respectable merchant of Vienna, Johnson co, Illinois.)

GENTLEMEN:—A desire to benefit the afflicted throughout the land has alone induced me to make the following statement of facts respecting one of the most astonishing cures ever recorded. My son, now seventeen years of age, has been afflicted during his whole life, with a constant cough, pain in the side and chest, accompanied with night sweats and hectic fever, which produced great emaciation and debility; and at intervals during the night, his expectoration would become so great as to endanger his life from strangulation. During the time he was attended by many physicians of the highest repute, whose prescriptions gave but temporary relief—in fact, so alarming were the symptoms and so inveterate was his disease, that I was compelled to believe him *beyond the reach of Medical aid!*

All of our neighbors and friends who saw him, regarded him as one who was rapidly approaching an early and premature grave. After having exhausted the skill of the local physicians without obtaining relief, I was prevailed upon by the advice of a friend to make use of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.*

He commenced its use about the 20th of December, 1844, the first bottle of which gave astonishing relief, and I began again to indulge in the fond hope that he might yet be restored to health.

After having continued the use of about three bottles had been taken, the disease was entirely overcome, and his shattered constitution and emaciated form restored to round and permanent health, which he continues to enjoy up to the present time.

I believe the *genuine* Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry to be one of the most valuable medicines ever discovered—knowing, as I do, that the above cure was effected solely by its use.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
ELI BAILEY.

April 9, 1848.

CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS

Will please read the following statement from the Harrison Gazette:—The incredulous are invited to read the following note from Rev Mr Colfax, whose character for truth and veracity stand above suspicion, and have their doubts as to the superiority of *WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY* over all other remedies now before the public of the same character.

CENTRAL, Ind., Jan. 25, 1848.

It is no less a duty than a pleasure to state for the benefit of the afflicted, that I consider *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* a great blessing to the human race. Having tried it in case of severe affection of the lungs, I unhesitatingly recommend it to those similarly afflicted as the best remedy I have ever tried; and one which cured me when physicians said I must die, and when I thought myself, that my time to depart was near at hand.

WILLIAM COLFAX.

There is a difference between WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and all other preparations of Wild Cherry. The true and genuine Balsam, as sold by us, contains, besides the extract of Wild Cherry bark, other medical agents of great character and efficacy in the cure of coughs, colds, and general diseases of the chest and lungs. But all the important difference between this medicine and all others of the kind is, that Wistar's Balsam cures, while other remedies give only temporary relief to the sufferer.

Sold by J. B. Park, (successor to Sanford & Park,) Fourth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. General Agent for the South and West, to whom all orders must be addressed.

Carter & Brother Erie Pa.; H. & C. Case Girard; Farrer Whitney & Co. Wycerfield; D. N. & J. S. Wolcster Conneaut Ohio; S. & A. H. Fassett Ashtabula; J. McFarland Meadville Pa; S. Symonds do.

Erie, Nov. 16, 1848. 1y27

CHILDBIRTH

A valuable Scientific Work, upon the subject of Gestation and Child Birth, by R. G. [illegible], M. D., *late of Paris; just published in New York by the Author.*

Price Twenty-five Cents.

THIS WORK contains recent discovered information upon a subject of the highest importance to Married Females, or those contemplating Marriage.

It will be found to be of great value to those whose motive, health or delicacy does not permit them to increase the number of their fellow creatures, whether from choice or perhaps loss of life. A careful perusing of these few lines may prevent much, (regarded discovered by a celebrated French Physician) is fully communicated in this work, so that any person may avail himself of it at once, without cost. The means of precaution here set forth are therefore within the reach of all. The process is very safe, infallible, convenient, simple, and cannot injure the health of the most delicate.

CAUTION.

Some speculator has clandestinely (under another name) published an imitation, (bearing the same title) which contains nothing but the most pernicious portions of it, duping the credulous out of

One Dollar.

When the price is

Twenty-five Cents

For the Genuine, full, and complete Work.

Copies of this work will be sent in a close envelope, single letter postage to any part of the United States, for twenty-five cents cash, addressed to Dr. R. G. Gerssner, Box 1456, office 127 1-2 Liberty st. N. Y.

N. B.—No Bookseller allowed to sell this work.
Erie, Dec. 9, 1848. 3m

Harborcreek Woollen Factory.

THE proprietors of the above Establishment, having made considerable additions to their machinery which is of all new and of the best kind, and having experienced workmen in all the different branches of woollen business, are ready to manufacture wool into cloth for wool, or manufacture it on pay, by the yard, on reasonable terms. They have on hand a large quantity of different kinds of cloth, flannels, blankets, shawls, cassimeres, and tweeds, as well as like summer wear of different bodies and qualities, to exchange for wool. We give one yard of cloth for 2 1/4 pounds of wool, as no less the yard will make.

Carding and Cloth-Dressing done as usual.

All kinds of produce taken for pay, and a liberal discount Cash.

P S—We are preparing to make Broadcloth

RHODES, CASS & Co.
Formerly Thornton & Co.

Harborcreek, May 1, 1848. 51

North East Woolen Factory.

7000 YARDS of Cloths, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Satinetts, Blankets, Flannels, are now ready to be exchanged for the best of wool; Cassimeres by yrs., to the yard. We will also manufacture during the season, Black, Brown, Steel-mixed cloth at 28 cts. per yard, Cassimeres of the same colors at 35 cts. and white flannel at 18 and 20 cts. per yard.

North East, June 17, 1848. STEVENS & JOWETT.

ERIE MARBLE FACTORY.

THE subscriber would inform his old customers and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the Marble business at the old stand on Ninth Street, between State and Peach, nearly opposite the Academy, where he will keep on hand at all times, a large stock, consisting of the different varieties of white and variegated marble, suitable for grave-stones, (set in sockets or without.) Tomb-tables, monuments, &c. Those wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call and examine stock and prices. As I am not to be undersold, I pledge myself to furnish anything in my line, from 15 to 25 per cent less than it can be had of the traveling agents for Eastern Factories.

Erie, July 8, 1848. 1y9 J. R. COCHRAN.

Erie Woolen Factory.

19000 YARDS of Cloths and Cassimeres are now ready to be exchanged for Wool by the subscribers, at their usual rates of exchange. They have a variety of plaid and fancy stripes of the latest and most approved patterns, for Gent's. pants and Boy's Clothes also a good variety of all wool Tweeds for summer wear. We will also manufacture, the present season, at the following prices in cash, viz: For Black, brown, and steel-mix cloth. 31 cts per yard; cassimere of same colors 33 cts; white Flannel 25 cts, and pressed Flannel at 28 cents per yard.

MCHAFFEY & BREWSTER.
Erie, May 11, 1848.

EAGLE WOOLEN FACTORY, FAIRVIEW

WE would inform the wool growing and cloth weaving public that we have entered into a copartnership hereafter to be known as McCreary, Thornton & Co. We have one entire set of new machinery, as good as can be procured in the country, and we are now prepared to manufacture or exchange cloths cassimeres, Tweeds, Flannels for wool. We have long carded and dressed for all branches of the business, and we confidently expect a full share of public confidence and custom of the Public. We flatter ourselves to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their custom.

Custom Carding, Spinning, and Dressing, done well, cheap and quick.

Grain and Factory supplies, well seasoned with Cash, will be acceptable for goods and work.

DAVID McCREARY,
JOHN THORNTON,
THOMAS THORNTON,
BENJAMIN COATES, Erie,
SAMUEL LILEY, "

Fairview, May 1, 1848. 51

Steam Engines and Boilers.

WE are now prepared to make to order High Pressure Engines suitable for Mills or other Machinery, and furnish Boilers of the most approved kinds, on short notice and at the very lowest rates.
LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.
May 1, 1848. 51

GOLD PENS.—Of the different makes, including Bagley's best Pen, for sale at reduced prices, by
Erie, Jan. 13, 1848. G. LOOMIS & CO.

LOOKING GLASSES.—Just opening, a splendid lot of Gilt and Mahogany Frames of various sizes and prices, all warranted to improve the looks, by G. LOOMIS & Co.,
Erie, July 11, 1848. State street.

SPECTACLES of Gold, Silver, and German Silver Frames, an extensive assortment of concave and convex. Also, the celebrated Perifocal Spectacle, superior to any in use.
G. LOOMIS & Co.,
July 11, 1848. State street.

GOLD AND SILVER ARTICLES.—An extensive variety of Breast-Pins, Bracelets, Rings, Lockets, Chains, Pencils &c., of the latest styles. Also, Mammoth and other Gold Pens of the different makers, Silver Pencils, Brooches, and Head Ornaments. In short, the public will find more things than the Printers tell for, as it's not intended to over-rate the stock; still we would add that Microscopes, for magnifying *small objects*, can be found as usual at G. LOOMIS & Co's,
July 11, 1848. State st., nearly opposite Eagle Hotel

TIME IN GREAT VARIETY.—Clocks of different kinds, including Kirk's Marine Clock, a late invention. Also, Gold and Silver Watches, a fine assortment to select a good time-keeper from, for sale very low, at G. LOOMIS & Co's.
July 11, 1848. State street.

SILVER WARE.—Table, Dessert, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Tongs, Ladles, Forks, Butter and Fruit Knives always on hand or manufactured to order. Silver warranted equal to coin, and no charge for engraving. G. LOOMIS & Co.
July 11, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

MORE LIGHT.—New style Solar Lamps, Camphene and Lard Suspending and Side Lamps, Girandoles, Plated, Branch, and other Candlesticks, at G. LOOMIS & Co's,
Erie, July 11, 1848. nearly opposite the Eagle.

KID and Seal